VOL. XX.
NO. 3

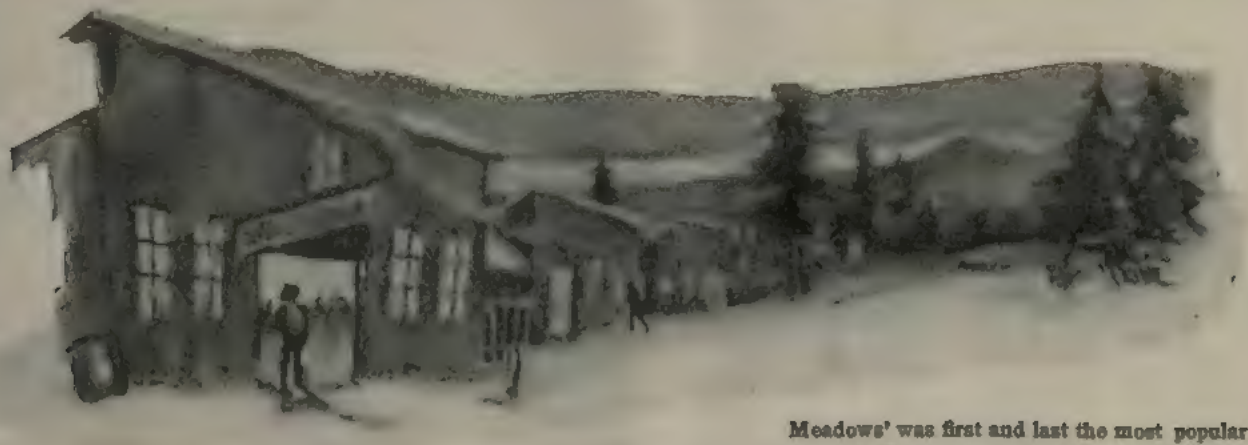
CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
JULY

KLEATH'S ALIBI

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated by W. B. Timlin



Meadows' was first and last the most popular dance hall on a street that boasted little else

THE San Domingo flung wide its noisy and hospitable doors. Tim Meadows, backing a huge, grotesque shadow, stood at the entrance, an invitation rather than a hindrance or obstruction in its gaping portals. Tim's expanse of body and expanse of smile proclaimed him the living presentment of an ideal Boniface.

Within the fast-filling Dance Hall, component parts of every nation under the sun were blended by the alchemy of the Yukon into two classes—miners and girls. From Iceland to Terra del Fuego men had been lured by gilt-edged tales to try their hands at dentistry, and had flocked to pick the teeth of Mother Nature out on the Creeks; and from Spain to Hawaii girls had heard that the men had gone and thanks to Tim Meadows, they had followed the trail to the Yukon.

Meadows knew miners; he had been the first to bring Wine and Women into Dawson, and his was first and last, the most popular Dance Hall on a street which boasted of little else.

Although it was past nine o'clock, the Alaskan night drew but a grayish cloak—and drew it slowly—over the heels of the departing day. "I could read a noospaper out here," mused Tim Meadows, "if I had one."

HIS lack was about to be supplied, for Dawson had laid its idle hundreds on the desk of Weatherby, an ex-Editor from the East, and demanded the publication of a "real live sheet," which should acquaint the Outside of its progress. "We gotta tell people," said Tim, "that we don't live in tents ner shacks no more; that we got room an' welcome fer merchants, an' people's gotta know we run a Bank. That'll bring 'em."

Whether or not the Bank brought residents is beside the question. It brought paper currency and pushed the picturesque days when a poke of gold was the standard of exchange into a romantic past.

But the newspaper was a matter of the present, into which there loomed a tall figure which Tim Meadows regarded with frank curiosity. "That's a reel-git-to-the-point gait," he commented. "Bet my shirt it's our noo linotype setter. Bet two shirts he's some worker."

He rolled cheerily down the street, fat hand extended.

"Howdy, stranger," he called. "What's the good word from the Outside?"

"Five States in the Union have gone dry," answered the man solemnly, although there was a twinkle in his voice, somewhere.

Tim Meadows' great laugh clattered about them, as with a thump which nearly dislocated his shoulder, Tim led Christopher Kleath into the San Domingo and up to the bar.

"Drinks on me, gents," roared the proprietor. "Health an' welcome to the stranger! Proud to make yous acquainted—noo linotype man. Don't anybody tell me that our noospaper ain't goin' to be some rag!"

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THE crowd which sprung round the bar like mushrooms in the night, dispersed with the noise of strong breaths exhaled and the rasping of sleeves across bearded mouths. A jerk of the finger from Ben Tisdale, the faro dealer, called Meadows away and Kleath was left alone.

Not for long, however. The furious waltz which had swirled about the room, embracing in its tangled melody a large variety of beautifully hand-decorated ladies and their partners, came to a deafening end. Most of the men made an immediate rush upon the bar, and this left Kleath at the mercy of the "rustlers".

"How about a two-step, friend?" asked Tiny Tess, slipping her arm beneath his and smiling at him like an ad. for tooth paste.

"Doctor says I mustn't dance," he smiled into the calcimined face too near his own. The other girls laughed at Tess' failure.

DIAMOND Tooth Lizzie fared no better. She was a boldly handsome woman of the Castilian type who insisted that she came from Spain. But her acquaintance with the language of the Yukon Dance Hall branded her as coming, much more likely, from the slums of 'Frisco.

"She's a widder—sod," explained Meadows to the new arrival. "Gen-u-ine, dyed-in-the-wool widder. Bill Lawson, him as met his death at the wrong end of a Derringer, bought her that sparkler she wears beside her dimple before they wuz married. On their weddin' tower, he took her to 'Frisco and got the di'mond set. Cost him a pile of money, and cost Liz a real good tooth to make room fer it. Ain't wimmen crazy? She's well fixed, is Liz, an' only comes round here onct in a while because she likes a sight of life an' is fond of dancin'. Why don't you have a go with her?"

Meadows was puzzled. Here was a fellow who did not care for wine or women, who would not be lured into faro, roulette or poker, and yet—the old fox read men correctly—Tim knew he had met a man!

"Who is the little girl with real yellow hair?" asked the stranger later.

Meadows followed his glance and his manner changed.

"That's my darter, Goldie," he said, shortly.

"Some day, if agreeable to her, I should like to be introduced," returned Kleath.

Meadows hesitated. Goldie was allowed in the San Domingo only because her parent could keep her under his eye better in the Hall than at home. A chaperone was hard to find and Goldie, alone in the cabin, had once been at the mercy of a drunken miner. Few, however, were the men privileged to dance with her, for the interests of business emphasized Tim's adoration for his motherless child; he could not but consider her partners as so much dead wood. They danced at his expense, as it were, for he could hardly allow Goldie to enter the lists with his painted rustlers and demand checks from the men she chose to honor—not by a long sight!

HE looked at the stranger furtively, turning the problem over in his mind. If by keeping him away from Goldie, the channel of his spending could be directed by Tiny Tess or Lizzie toward the San Domingo till, then, of course, he must be kept away from Goldie. But if the rustlers did not appeal to him, and if he looked infrequently upon the whiskey when it was saffron—if also he did not propose to devote his evenings and good salary to faro, roulette or poker, why then, by hec, he must be a kind of decent guy and fit to dance with Goldie!

"She don't drink," he said, meaningly.

"No, I judged as much," was the gratifying reply.

Meadows' decision was favorable.

"That's Duke, your foreman, a-talkin' to her now," he explained, as they moved across the room. "Some of the boys don't get on reel well with him—he's kinder sharp-tongued an' techy. But then none of us ain't perfect."

Kleath felt that he could have put up a good argument to the contrary in the case of Goldie, but there wasn't time. For an instant he looked down into a pair of bewilderingly blue eyes, and the next—he had swung her literally out of Duke's arms and off toward the middle of the floor.

"Are you trying to doublecross me with that damned tenderfoot?" the foreman demanded furiously.

Tim moved back a step, beyond the radius of a whiskey-laden breath.

"Nothin' like," he returned, bent upon conciliation. Duke was a regular attendant, a free spender and a good hater—even though he was too fond of Goldie.

"Kleath, did you say?" The foreman glowered at the couples as they passed. "*Kleath?* Well, he needn't think he can cut any dash with *me* on account of his white shirt and creased pants. Kleath, are you sure?"

Tim felt certain that he had caught the name correctly.

"Well, I don't like him," concluded Duke, with finality, "and anybody's welcome to know it," which generous invitation soon included the whole of Dawson.

"He ain't got no call to hang around here on a salary," said old Inglis, who had come west with Weatherby. "He could make a fortune just by givin' exhibitions. I never saw such work. He eats up copy! We can't feed it to him fast enough."

"He's too damned smart for my liking," snarled Duke. "Seems powerful strange to be so handy with tools. The way he picked Tim's safe yesterday, sure was a caution. It was nothing short of professional. I'll take care to carry my wad in my pocket."

THERE was silence among the men, none of whom could deny the dexterity with which the stubborn safe of the San Domingo had yielded to Kleath's persuasive wires and files. He shaped his own tools as he required them—a queer little collection of hooks and pins. "Yes, sir," repeated the foreman with an ugly oath, "I never did feel safe with sleight-of-hand guys. My wad is safer in my jeans than in any bank."

Weatherby passing through the composing room, happened to overhear this remark. He called Duke into his office.

"It would be just as well to keep such opinions to your self," he cautioned in an even voice. "Kleath has stood a good deal from you, in the plant, I understand, and while I can't control your behavior outside, I do insist upon different treatment during working hours."

Duke's face darkened.

"He's crooked. He's got something under his lid, that he's trying to get away with—and I'm going to find out what it is."

"We haven't had any detectives from the Outside looking him up," the chief reminded Duke. "He isn't followed by a blizzard of bills and he hasn't got the jail-bird's limp—which is more than one can say of many residents of Dawson."

The foreman winced almost imperceptibly.

"If you take my advice, you'll let Kleath alone," Weatherby continued. "For in the event of any open ruction, I might give you this hint—every one in the plant will leave before he does. Good-evening."

Weatherby liked Kleath, as did every one save Duke; and he recognized in the foreman's rancour a peculiar quality of brutish fear—or suspicion—such as one man might hold toward another who could reveal things better kept hidden. It was more than probable that the shoe was on the other foot—that Duke had something "under his lid" and Kleath knew what it was. However, Weatherby asked no questions. His philosophy of life was that to which most of Dawson held—a man's present belongs to his employer, his future lies in the lap of the gods, but by Heaven, his past is his own!

Olie Colson done it—walloped him a good one with a bottle. I never seen so much blood! Ran like the gutters in a stock yard. Everyone was fightin'

If the Editor's caution was disregarded during the long Alaskan winter, no one knew of it from Kleath. He was not much of a talker and yet his silence did not convey the idea of secrecy. He grew in favor and interest and mystery. The girls of the San Domingo adored him, and were not sure whether they preferred for him an Earldom and an English estate, or a plain American fortune, which would permit of an indefinite residence in the Yukon.

He went infrequently to the Dance Hall, as attendance was measured in Dawson. And upon these occasions he danced once or twice with Goldie, flung Tiny Tess off her feet in a mad gallop, and bought drinks for the crowd. His wooing—if wooing it was—did not justify Tim Meadows in asking his intentions and even Goldie had nothing but her instinct to argue that he wished to speak yet—dared not—the words she longed to hear.

THE slow Alaskan spring lightened the long nights of the winter and miners drifted into town after their annual clean-up. It was then that Tim kept an eagle eye on Goldie. She was a grand sight for a man who hadn't seen a skirt for six months. . .

"He'd kill a fellow quick as wink, who so much as tried to kiss her," said Inglis to Kleath, one night. "Keep your eyes open, lad, for now's the time when the N. W. M. P. gets busy."

Trouble there was in plenty. Mingling with the heavy odors of vary-smelling perfumes, with the reek of kerosene and human effluvium; mingling with stale whiskey and cheap champagne was the flow of thick, red blood. Above the din of scraping fiddles, women's high-pitched laughter; above the drone of the faro dealer's voice, the rattle of roulette wheels and the cursing of "dead brokes," would rise a warning shout, then a muffled thud, followed by splintering glass and a heavy fall. A sweating, swaying mass of men would thicken to a crowd as one by one the miners joined the fight, only to give way before the undisputed authority of that uniform which has made the North West Mounted Policeman a romantic figure in the history of law and order.

Meadows was as omnipresent as it is given man to be. He was here, there and everywhere. Duke; sullen and glowering was here and there, which means that he was at Goldie's side or at the bar. Kleath, unobtrusive, watchful, was merely—here, which accounted for his seeing Goldie the night she followed Duke from the Dance Hall, down the corridor and off toward the rear of the building.

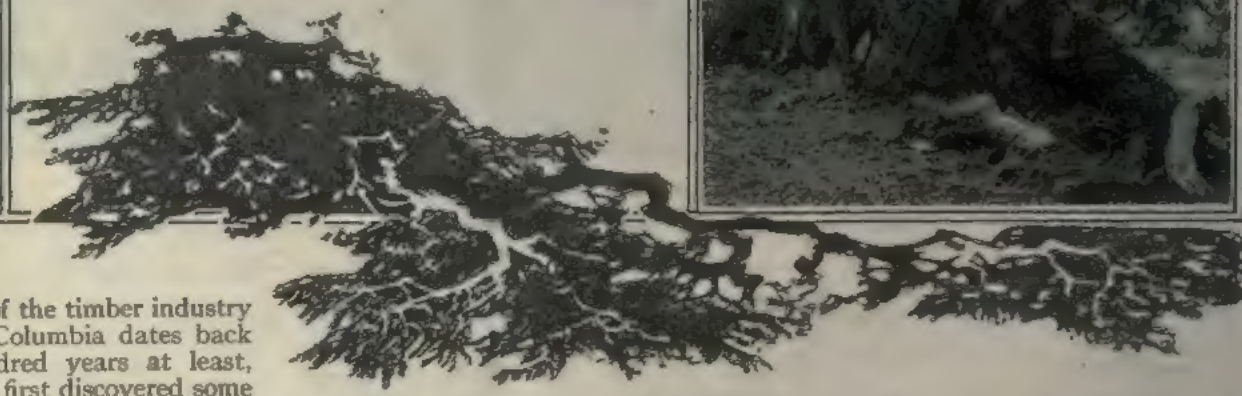
The stage had brought during the day two hundred thousand dollars in currency with which to meet the miners' demands as they turned in the fruits of

Continued on page 177.

LUMBER FOR THE WORLD

The forests of British Columbia are estimated to contain four hundred billion feet of merchantable timber —enough to meet our requirements for more than four hundred years

Illustrated from Photographs



THE history of the timber industry in British Columbia dates back a few hundred years at least, when the Indians first discovered some of the uses of wood, and when, having found a means of roughly shaping fallen trees and driftwood, they slowly reached that stage of which Captain Cook, with other early explorers, makes mention. That stage is visible to-day in the old community houses, still standing, built of wood and formerly housing many families, in the totem poles carved out of the imperishable cedar, and in the canoes hollowed out of tree trunks by the use of fire aided by such crude tools as the native artizans possessed.

In view of the enormous wealth of timber resources possessed by the province, knowledge in regard to which is being constantly increased through exploration and forest reconnaissance year by year, it is not surprising that the early explorers made mention of certain striking characteristics of the forests. For instance, the tree associated with British Columbia is that known as Douglas Fir, a description of which was first given to the world by Archibald Menzies, who accompanied Captain Vancouver in 1792. When David Douglas, the Scotch botanist and traveller, born in Scone in Perthshire, visited America on his second trip in 1824, he found the species in what is now the State of Washington, and it henceforth bore his name, although also known as Oregon Pine, Columbian pine, and by other local names.

The Hudson's Bay Company, extending its operations westwards, established forts and trading posts on the Pacific slope, the sites in after years of cities like Vancouver and New Westminster, Victoria and Nanaimo. Settlements sprang up under cover of the forts, and small sawmills began operations in order to supply the needs of the settlers, while as local needs became greater, the capacity of these mills increased. In the fifties, Australia began to import lumber from the Pacific Coast, and British Columbia mills gradually took a share, although but a small one, of that business. In this way the foundations of an export trade were laid, which gradually grew wider and embraced South Africa, South America, and the United Kingdom, the amount of lumber exported, however, not being more than the merest fraction of that supplied by the

States of Washington and Oregon with their advantages of earlier settlement and earlier development of the lumber industry. It is worthy of mention that in 1861, a spar of Douglas Fir from British Columbia, 118 feet in length, was presented to the authorities of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew, near London, England, to serve as a flagstaff. When in 1913, it was found advisable to take this down, the Government of the Province presented its successor, a spar measuring 215 feet long, 33 inches in diameter at the butt, and 12 inches in diameter at the top.

THE first sawmills were located on the Fraser River in and around New Westminster, and on Vancouver Island at Alberni, Victoria and Sooke. The Alberni mill was engaged in the export trade as early as 1865, and the same mill shipped one million feet coastwise, mainly to Victoria, in the year 1863. The mill at Sooke, which was operating in 1863, utilized the engines salvaged from a steamer wrecked in the vicinity as part of its plant. These are some of the features of the rise of the lumbering industry in Canada's forest province, an industry, which, in 1915, produced a cut of 1,151,903,000 feet (Quebec was second with 33½ million feet less), and the value of whose products in the form of manufactured lumber was over $29,000,000.

The forests of British Columbia are estimated to contain 400,000,000,000 feet of merchantable timber, and in no year has the annual cut exceeded 1,500,000,000 feet. The comparative insignificance of the cut will be realized when it is stated that the annual growth or natural increment of this great volume of timber is placed at between five and six billion feet.

The leading woods are Douglas Fir, Western Red Cedar, Spruce, Western Hemlock (a very different type to Eastern Hemlock) and Balsam; these predominating on the coast, in addition to, and mainly in the interior, Western Larch, Western Soft Pine, White Pine, Jack Pine, Cottonwood, etc.

Engaged in manufacturing the lumber harvested from the forests there are about three hundred sawmills, and nearly one hundred shingle mills, the annual capacity of the former being 2,500,000,000 feet, that is double the average annual cut.

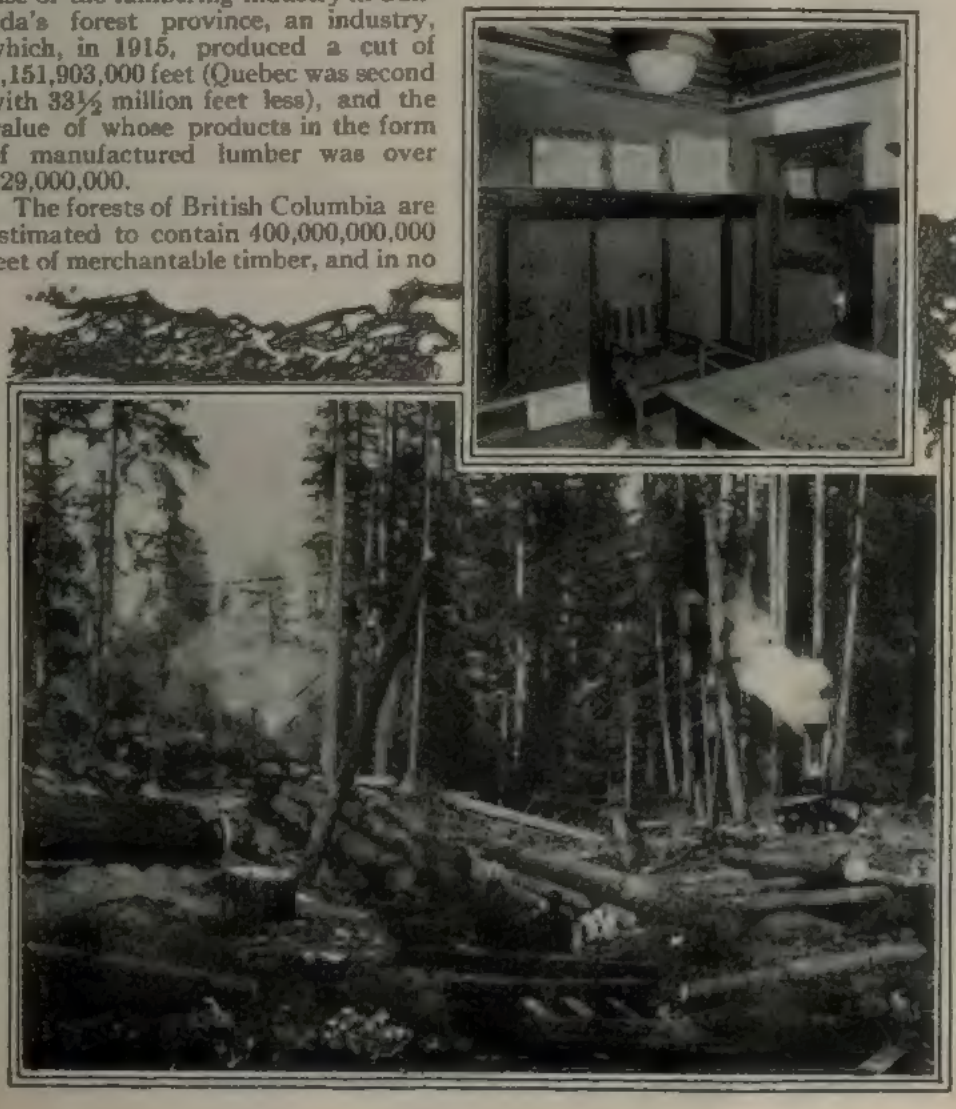
THE Government of British Columbia is in a position of a partner in the lumber industry since it collects nearly one-third of its revenue (running up to three million dollars in a normal year) from timber. In 1915, royalty on cut timber produced only $350,000 out of a total forest revenue of just under two million dollars. In other words, only one-sixth of the forest revenue to the Government was derived from cut lumber as distinct from rentals on standing timber. Obviously, therefore, it is to the interest of the people of British Columbia that the full capacity of the mills, not the half capacity, be utilized, and that such an asset to the community, with its returns in the form of revenue, wages, payment for supplies, etc., should be managed both vigorously and wisely. It was for this reason that the Forest Branch of the Department of Lands was formed in 1912, and made responsible for,—

(1) Revenue from the forests.

(2) Management of the forests, i.e., sale of timber, safeguarding against trespass, etc.

(3) Protection of the forests against fire.

These functions were handed over to the new department, and steadily developed, and after two years existence, the fourth function, that of increasing the market for the forest products of the province, was assumed



From logging camp to finished product —The timber from British Columbia represents a value of $29,000,000 annually

and has been actively in evidence ever since. The step was not taken hastily, and progress was necessarily slow. Evidence had to be gathered from all over the world, enquiries had to be made, and the lumber industry constantly consulted, but to-day the Department is in possession of facts, and is using the knowledge gained for the benefit of the lumber industry. To increase the cut of lumber it is obviously necessary to find a large and wider market, and if it is found that expansion in this direction is barred, there must be some good reason. One of the main reasons why there was not a larger market for British Columbia woods was that lumber consumers in the East and in the foreign markets knew but little about them. For instance, as already mentioned, Douglas Fir is also known as Oregon pine, a name which possesses advantages for the American millmen since foreign buyers naturally expect to obtain Oregon pine from the state of Oregon. In another direction, the

people of Eastern Canada had been accustomed to regard Southern Pine, Georgian Pine, and other American woods, as superior to all other woods. In yet another instance, the general public was, and is still being, educated by the manufacturers of substitutes for lumber that the substitute was superior in every way to the wood it seeks to displace. These are but a few instances of many, and it was to investigate such, and overcome the difficulties presented that action was taken.

In co-operation with the Department of Trade and Commerce of Ottawa, the Forest Branch sent to the Canadian Trade Commissioners in the United Kingdom, France, S. Africa, S. America, West Indies, Australia, New Zealand, China and Japan, exhibits showing a comprehensive range of samples of the woods available for export, together with information respecting the various woods, their qualities and uses. At the last Toronto Exposition there was shown a general exhibit which aroused genuine interest. Large quantities of samples of the native woods are distributed. This policy has begun to produce results. It has been followed up by the appointment of three lumber commissioners, stationed at Toronto, Regina and London (England), whose duties while different in detail, are to one end, namely to develop a market for British Columbia forest products.

THE Dominion authorities, moreover, appointed a commissioner to visit the principal markets of the world in the interests of the Canadian lumber industry, and British Columbia manufacturers in common with those of Eastern Canada, have already benefited as a result of this step. The lumber commissioners investigate conditions in the territory assigned to each, find out the openings for B. C. woods, enquire into adverse circumstances affecting their sale, get into touch with the wood consuming industries, and generally promote the use of the forest products of the western province.

The prairie provinces in normal years consume nearly 60 per cent. of the output of the British Columbia mills, and in common with other markets, there was deemed to be as much scope for expansion there as elsewhere. The commission of Conservation a year or two ago drew attention to the general lack of farm buildings on the prairie, and drew special attention to the excessive depreciation of valuable machinery resulting from failure to afford shelter. The trend of the prairie farmers is towards mixed farming instead of solely the raising of grain, and such a development means additional buildings for use as barns, whether general purpose, dairy, beef-cattle, horse or sheep barns, and as piggeries, poultry houses, granaries, implement sheds and silos. The Forest Branch in co-operation with the agricultural college of the University of Saskatchewan drew up plans for buildings, of this nature, with all information necessary and issued bulletins dealing with the subject. A quarter of a million of these were printed and over one hundred and fifty thousand have been already distributed to applicants in Western Canada. These and other bulletins dealing with such woods as Douglas Fir, Western Larch, and Western Soft Pine, widely distributed, are doing much to bring the forest products of British Columbia into their own in the estimation of the people of Canada.

DOUGLAS fir trees shown in the accompanying illustrations are about 400 years old, but the patriarch in the shape of the oldest Douglas fir tree yet discovered took root about the year A. D. 650. It is the world's largest timber tree with the single exception of the Sequoias of California, and while the average height is from 150 to 225 feet, with a diameter of from three to six feet, it attains in many cases, a height of over 300 feet, and a diameter of fifteen feet. No other species is so well adapted for such a variety of uses and it may be termed "the all utility" wood. In the two important directions of strength resistance to cross-bending, and resistance to crushing, Douglas fir is superior to all competitors, and for its weight, it is the strongest of all woods. For this reason, it is recognized as the ideal structural material, an example being shown in its use at the C. P. R. Wharf Reception room at Vancouver. A striking instance of the many uses to which Douglas Fir is put is shown in the illustrations of its use for interior finish—when with the exception of the cedar panels used in the ceiling, all the woodwork including edge-grain flooring, framing, trim, veneer and furniture are of Douglas Fir. In the operations at the Dardanelles the British naval authorities used a dummy battleship built of this wood throughout, His Majesty's ship "Simulation", which after an honorable career went aground and served as a breakwater.

The lumber industry employs a large number of men, both in the woods, in the mills and in the higher stages of manufacture. The premier industry in the province, in many districts it is the only industry, and many thousands of people derive directly or indirectly, a livelihood from it. A typical coast logging scene is shown, located in a belt of Douglas Fir, the donkey engine "yarding" the logs to the "landing" at the right of the illustration, whence by means of the "ginpole" on the left they are loaded on to cars, hauled over the railroad to the water and dumped into the booming-ground, where they are assembled into rafts and thence towed to the mill.

Years ago, oxen were the motive power mainly used in logging, giving way later to horses, which in turn have been displaced largely by the "donkey" engine, the "skidder" or "flying ma-

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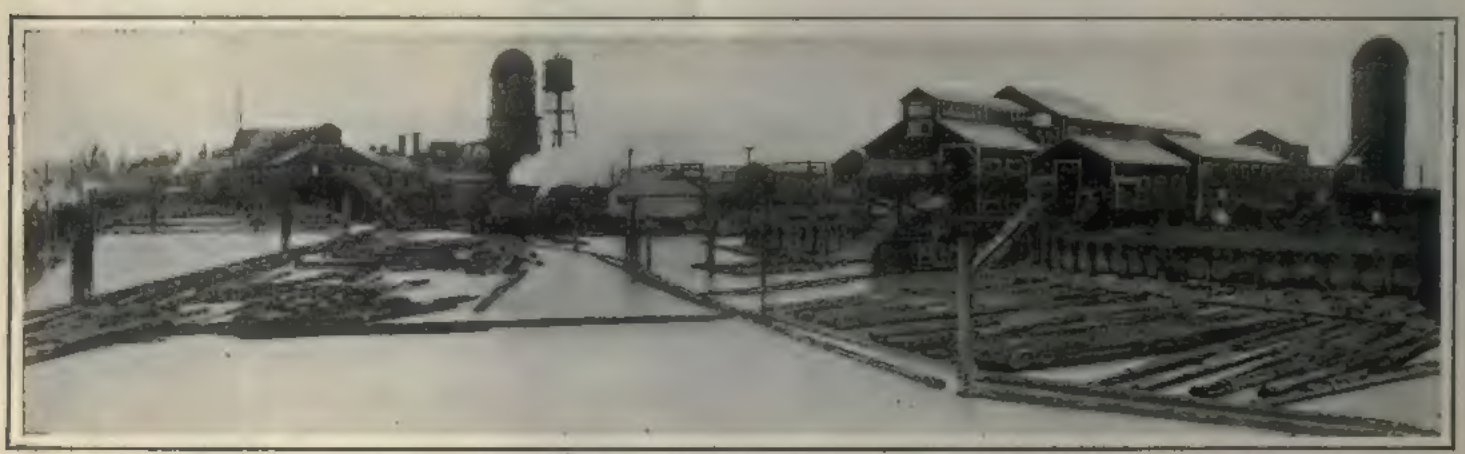


A British Columbia mill, one of the largest in the world. Left to right—Ship loading for export, sawmill, shingle-mill, veneer-mill

More Letters of a V. A. D.

Being letters written by Angela Crawford of the Voluntary Aid Detachment to her friend Gladys Winston

By Mona Cleaver

Illustrated by Norman Hall

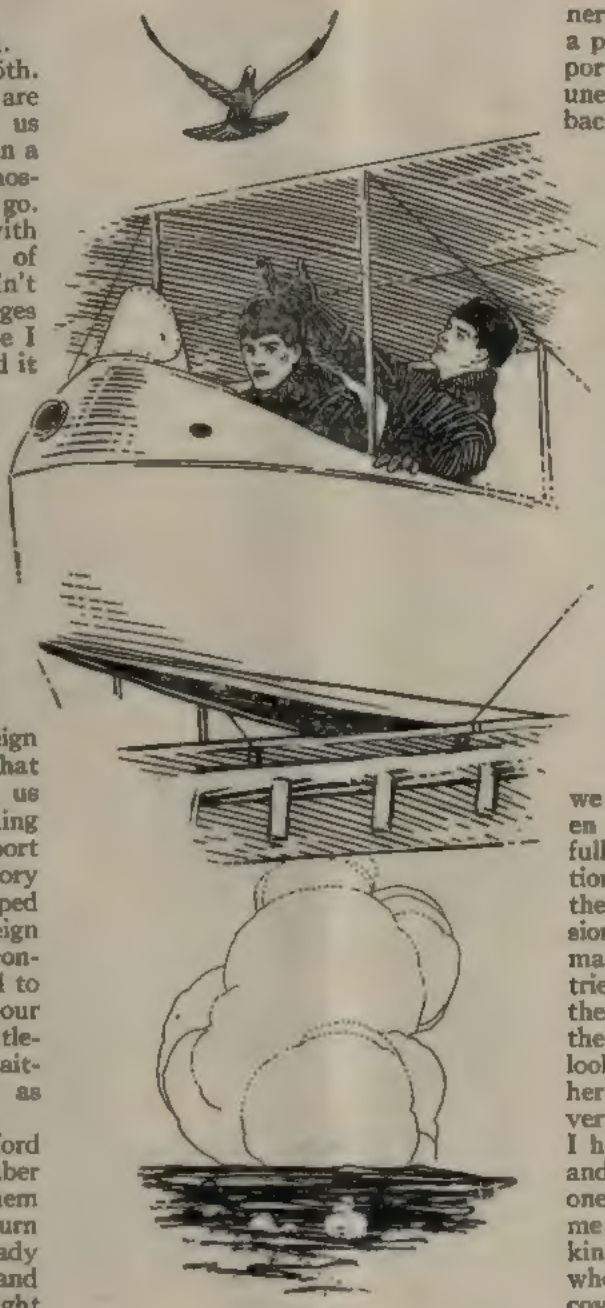
King's Canadian Hospital,
Highfield, England.
May 15th.

MY DEAR GLAD,—They are really wonderfully good to us here, and each nurse is given a week's leave to visit some of the hospitals in France if she wants to go. There's only one who hasn't been, with the exception of myself, and I, of course, am so very new that I hadn't hoped for such a favor for ages and ages yet. However, the girl whose place I have taken had never gone over and it is customary for two to go together, so I am to go over with Ethel Mason. We are very good friends and I am looking forward enthusiastically to the trip.

Yesterday we went up to London to get our passports put in order. We had both started from Canada equipped with a most recent and conventional pale blue document, sealed and signed by the Governor-General and requesting "in the name of His Britannic Majesty" our "free passage in foreign parts," but had soon discovered that such a passport would never give us access to France. A visit to Downing Street, where we found the passport officials doing business in a one-story building of rough clap boards dropped down in the middle of the Foreign Office's impressive courtyard, was a confirmation of this. We were advised to see if the French Consul would vise our passports, which the polite tall gentleman who interviewed in turn the waiting roomful, seemed to regard as doubtful.

At the French Consulate in Bedford Square we were each handed a number from an endless printed strip of them and were then sent to await our turn in a large room where were already assembled numerous Britishers and Europeans and no fewer than eight Chinamen.

Ethel had two photographs with her and as we waited I became convinced that two were required to make one's passport complete, so, having only one, I begged leave to go out and have some taken, Ethel staying to keep our turns from being lost. Just around the corner on Tottenham Court Road I found a photographer who advertised "Passport Specials". He put me in a very uneasy chair with a chenille curtain for background, rearranged my chin with a very grimy hand and in about three-quarters of an hour I was back at Bedford Square clutching in a yellow envelope half a dozen damp and saddening reflections of my visage.



I found Ethel already in the upper offices where she was being passed from one desk to another to be asked how old she was? What her business was in France? If she spoke French? and a score of other questions which were presently repeated for my benefit. We each had a photograph affixed to our original passport and another to the "Annexe," with which they supplied us.

"Well, that is done," I sighed, but soon found that it was also necessary to have the photographs on our Canadian passports verified and stamped by the Canadian High Commissioner. To his office we went immediately and were given blank forms to fill out. Cheerfully we took them to the little partitioned-off writing tables all in a row and there sat down to tell our age, profession, height—but, as the table of demands descended it grew less simple. I tried to engage Ethel in conversation on the subject but she had withdrawn to the opposite end of the room and only looked up to rebuke me for interrupting her. "Forehead" and "eyes" were not very difficult, but "nose" was baffling. I had never tried to describe my nose and would much rather have had someone else do it, but Ethel had snubbed me and I hesitated to demand the kindly offices of the aloof young clerk who sat at an open wicket. So, under cover of the two wings of the little writing-desk I took a surreptitious glance into my pocket mirror, trying, with scant success, to get a view of my nose in profile.

"Anyway," I said to myself, "It's

neither Roman, Grecian nor aquiline. Perhaps I might call it composite." Somehow, that sounded flippant, as applied to a nose, and I wrote down "nondescript" and went on to "mouth" which one word easily described. Then followed "chin" which was a fresh puzzlement, so much so that I risked interrupting Ethel again.

"Why don't you say 'single'?" she asked me shortly, but I feel sure that that might have enraged some already over-wrought official and probably I should never have got to France at all. So, inelegantly and ineffectively I wrote "medium". "Color of hair" and "complexion" followed, and then the simple but comprehensive word "face". The blank for "any special peculiarities" I left still blank.

The young man at the wicket compared my face and my description with bored conscientiousness and then stamped the latter and my photograph. The same was done for Ethel and at last we were ready to start for France.

No, there was one thing more. Cyril Fenwick had advised us to go to the Army and Navy Stores and buy life belts. I think I told you about Cyril Fenwick before. He's in the British Aerial Service.

"Life belts," I marvelled.

"Yes," he said, "the new kind, you know, that one can blow up at a moment's notice. Nobody travels without one nowadays."

So we went to the Stores and invested in this, the latest thing in lingerie, a rubber casing about six inches wide covered with white fabric. The belt was more than long enough to encircle the body, had a tape to go round the neck, two tapes to tie at the waist and a rubber tube by means of which the wearer could inflate the contrivance at a moment's notice.

And so, day after to-morrow we'll be off. I'll try to get time to write you from Paris.

My love to everyone over there—sometimes this seems a dreadfully long way off.

ANGELA.

P.S.—I have just heard that Bobbie's machine came down in the German lines and he is reported a prisoner and wounded.—A.

Paris, May 18th.

DEAREST GLAD,—It was the longest procedure we had to go through at Folkstone and when the London train emptied all of its crowd on to the platform it was awful. You see there are so few ways over now and they are all so carefully watched.

One or two at a time we were admitted to a room where one man glanced at our passports and another examined them. In the next room six men sat at a table, three on a side, each seeming to be an expert in some particular concerning passports, for the papers went from hand to hand for examination, stamping and signing. Mine looks like an autograph quilt now.

There were a few apparently extemporaneous questions asked and we were passed into the customs shed and when our luggage had been examined Ethel and I went together into a little white room newly built on the station platform. Here two women searched us, examining the inside of our hats, removing our coats and gently pummelling us all over to discover any hidden packages. We were then allowed to go on the boat.

The Channel looked so blue and smiling with white gulls flying and dipping and the sun sparkling on its surface that one could scarcely believe what might be beneath.

Several military officers, a number of Red Cross and St. John Ambulance nurses, a couple of high officers in the Salvation Army and a few civilians came on deck, one of the latter swinging a cumbersome life-preserver in one hand with astonishing nonchalance. We afterwards learend that he was a Lusitania survivor. A man in a brown suit wore with it an extraordinarily ill-fitting blue waisteoat at which I wondered until I noticed a brown one, like his suit, showing beneath it. Then I knew that the bulky blue garment was one of the life-saving waistcoats of which I had heard. My own life-belt smelled so rubbery that I might have imagined myself in a dentist's chair, taking gas through a smothery black mouthpiece.

The minute we loosed our moorings the life-boats were swung from their davits ready for immediate use, and I won't say anything more about the crossing for we are put on our honor, just as the officers in France are, to censor our own letters.

At Boulogne, before we left the boat, we were put through very much the same examinations of passports as we had been in England before embarking.

The train platform at the dock was thronged with Red Cross orderlies; British Tommies who drifted in and out of a doorway under a sign which read, "Lady Angela Forbes' Refreshment Room for Soldiers"; Canadian soldiers, big and well set up; Indians, slim and lithe in khaki drill with khaki turbans on their dark heard; French soldiers with their little peaked caps and their long blue coats, like Prince Alberts with the corners buttoned back; French *marins* dressed very like the British tars but for the big red pom pom topping their blue caps; Red Cross doctors and nurses looking grave and preoccupied; St. John Ambulance nurses in long, dark capes and little velvet bonnets, and one white-garbed woman with a Red Cross band on her arm who came on the train with a white tin box soliciting money for the work. And, back of all this mass of earnest, anxious humanity were the lines and lines of big, gray motor-ambulances coming and going. With the constantly shifting foreground to obstruct one's view it was impossible to count the ambulances, but, on the other side of the train, across the dock and the narrow slip, was another gray mass of them where one could count seventy-nine at a time.

As we moved slowly out of the station my eyes followed the shoreline to a pointed headland just beyond which, I knew, lay Calais, the coveted of the Kaiser.

"They will never reach Calais, of course," I said to Ethel. "But if they ever should, can't you picture this vicinity as a battle ground? They'd try for this railway, I suppose."

Parallel with the railway ran a line of low hills and sand dunes and here and there from sandy hummocks a band of stunted pine trees thrust starved and protesting arms skyward, out of a stingy soil.

"What fighting there would be on the crest of these hills," I said, "and in that little strip of pinewood there would be bayonet charges and all horrors. But, oh, they never will get here, they never can."

And everywhere were soldiers. On one side of the railway they were British, with white tents spread all over the green fields and camp kitchens steaming comfortably, while on a siding on the other hand French soldiers were living in a train. It looked like quite a comfortable form of camping. The little stoves thrust their pipes out through the sliding doors of box cars while men sat about smoking and talking. First class compartments with the distinguishing lace "tidies" still on the backs of the seats had been turned into quite complete little homes for the officers. There were glimpses, as we passed, of tables equipped with books and reading lamps, of deep camp chairs and here and there an open door revealed a big tin bath-tub hanging from a hook on the inside.

No two camps seemed to be constructed in the same way. A number of Britishers, further on, were housed in little brown huts made of something resembling beaver board, of which they were building more.

As we neared each camp, men would be seen to run towards the train and soon a shower of papers, fruit and cigarettes flew from the windows. People in our compartment ransacked their bags, Ethel drew out half a dozen oranges we had bought and sent them hurtling through the air, one at a time,

laughing with delight as half a dozen soldiers scrambled for them. One running towards a front coach fell full length on the next track.

"He's not a young man, either," commiserated Ethel, and skilfully landed her next donation, a bag of cherries, close beside him.

We had thrown out all the reading matter intended for the journey excepting a magazine which I had placed, open, on the seat.

"Throw them your magazine," Ethel suggested.

"Oh—" I demurred, "I'm right in the middle of a story," but I laughed, nevertheless, and threw it towards an eager Tommy whose khaki arm flew out to catch this scarlet-winged butterfly in mid-air.

"Now," I sighed, settling down in my corner with a grimace at Ethel, "I shall never know whether they married and lived happily ever after."

"Do you regret it?" sternly demanded an Australian Red Cross nurse from the opposite corner of the compartment, and I could only grin in reply.

At the stations, magazines and cigarettes were distributed in more dignified fashion and the bearer of a Red Cross contribution box never failed to come aboard and never went off without a jingle of coins in the tin.

Once we passed a great motor car of the "seeing-Paris" order, a big, gray, leather-cushioned affair, full of wounded soldiers out for a drive, who laughed and waved their hands as the train flew by.

Everything we passed thrilled us with the profound significance of war. Now it was a trainload of British cavalry, cheering as they went; now silent carloads of Indian troops, now French, now cars full of horses, trianloads of gun carriages and new camp kitchens, all moving on ceaselessly towards some unknown objective.

All this was very warlike and yet, here and there as we flew by a strip of peaceful country with workers in the fields and flowers blooming in the gardens, for a moment one might almost forget that this was a country at war. One saw peasant women who leaned on their hoes and gazed heavily at the train and one wondered if ever their imaginations labored with the thought of whence it came and whither it went and of what its wonderful freight might be of humanity and goods and mails.

But a sentry at the roadside brought one back. Under a canopy of apple boughs he had built a shelter of woven straw and twigs, with an oilcloth covering for a rainy day. And here and there soldiers and villagers mingled. At a wayside barrier a woman, a donkey-cart and two or three children waited for the train to pass, and with them stood a soldier.

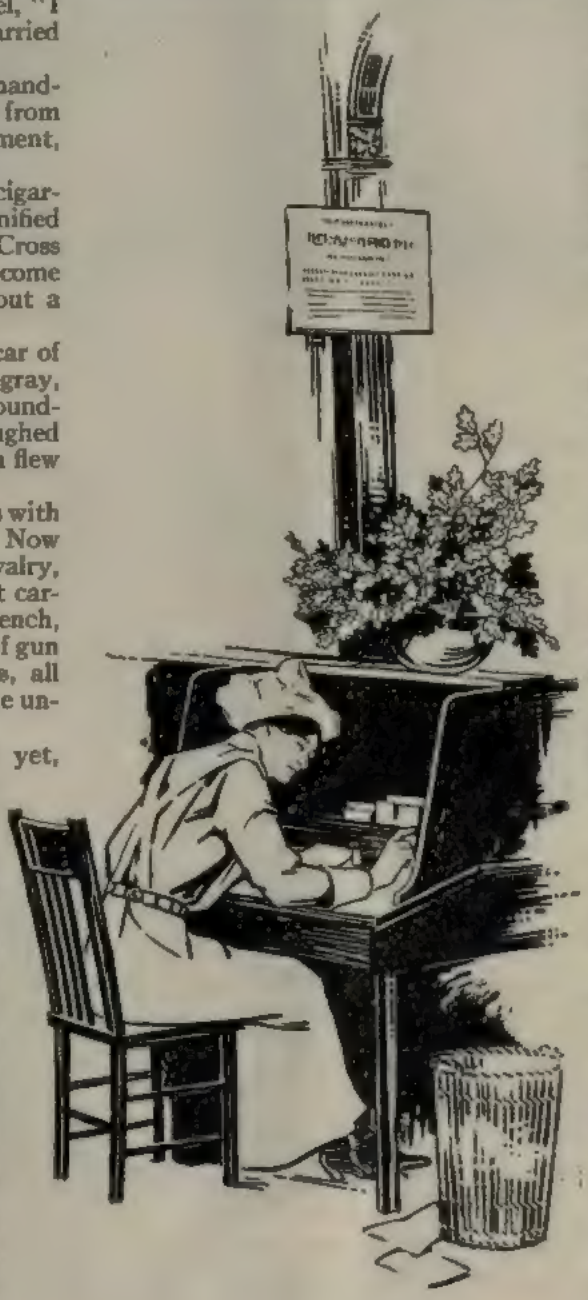
Cyril Fenwick had warned us that in war time it might take us twenty-four hours to get to Paris, but it was little after seven when we arrived.

I wish I could hear something more about Bobbie. It is awful to think about him wounded and in the hands of Germans. But there, I mustn't talk about it and I shall try to see what I've come over to see. Yours,

ANGELA.

King's Canadian Hospital,
Highfield Park,
May 27th.

Dearest Glad,—This letter was to have been a long one full of interesting things about the French hospitals, for I saw a number of them and even got within sound of some of the German guns, but the hospitals and guns and everything else take second place, for the moment, to my own affairs. I feel a selfish little beast that it is so, but I may as well tell the truth. It's all I can do, yet, even to tell what I'm going to tell consecutively.



It begins with the trip back to Boulogne from Paris, which was a quiet one. We passed few trains and had few interruptions to our journey, but the station and dock at the Channel port seemed as active as ever and the coming and going of ambulances as continuous.

A big gray motor car which was being hoisted on to the Cross-Channel boat when we embarked bore the letters R. N. A. C., which I took to mean Royal Naval Aerial Corps. Among the passengers were a number of British army officers, some of them limping and evidently unfitted for service, a couple of young officers in a blue uniform which apparently went with the gray motor car, some civilians and a few women. They stood on deck singly and in small groups, and as the boat slipped quietly out all eyes were fixed on the blue mystery about us. Some person pointed, another stood gazing intently at some distant object and each was presently surrounded by a little group of others, saying nothing but straining anxious eyes to see what he saw. A buoy or the shadow on the wing of a gull was enough to bring thoughts of periscopes or a streak of white foam to suggest the course of a torpedo.

Ethel and I wanted our tea and went below to see where it was served. The dining saloon, we found, was in the very depths of the ship, so we laughed at one another and ordered our tea on deck.

Standing with their backs to us and gazing out to sea were the two officers in blue. Their boots were heavily caked with mud and we wondered what their mission might have been that combined operations by earth and air and water. Just as we were speculating on the subject one of them turned, and to our astonishment it was Cyril Fenwick.

"I didn't know," he said, when we had exclaimed over the unexpected meeting, "when I saw you in London, that I was coming over. In fact, I've been switched to a slightly different branch of the Service. No, I didn't get anywhere near Paris. We've come from Ypres just now and were right in the trenches there as you may see by our boots. Before that we were at various parts of the battle-front and we've had a particularly interesting time. We're bringing back a fellow—bound for your hospital, probably—

Continued on page 183.

Calgary—A New Background for Fiction

By Alfa May Coultas

Illustrated from Photographs

Scene from the Crescent Heights side of the river

The bridge over the power house dam, where "Lesley" met "Jack Addison"

THAT gifted author, the late Frank Norris, once said there were but three cities in America where a novel might be placed. He named New York, San Francisco and Chicago. Half jokingly, O. Henry thereon wrote "A Municipal Report," one of his best short stories, to confute Norris.

Very recently another literary oracle said that Canada affords no background for fiction. By chance instead of design, almost on the moment appears a novel by a new Canadian author, with the scene laid in Calgary. And the New York Times Book Review declares it to be "singularly successful in creating an atmosphere and making the reader feel the reality of the social body she portrays."

It is true that Calgary is not once named in "The Shadow Riders". But the individuality of the city refuses to be suppressed. No one who has ever been there, even for a short time, can fail to recognize it. Indeed, the growth and character of the city itself is a part of the motivation of the story.

"I had no particular reason for choosing Calgary," says the author, Mrs. Isabel Paterson, "except that I had lived there. You know the famous motto of Julian's—'Paint anything?' I fancy it holds good in writing. And this story could not have happened anywhere else. Not that it ever did happen anywhere at all, but I could not have imagined it anywhere else. If I had tried to place it in another city, there would have been no story. Of course Calgary should not be judged by that story, or by any one novel. It would not be fair to Calgary. It was three times as complex, interesting and alive as I could portray it on paper.

"Why? Because of the extraordinary diversity of its inhabitants. They literally come from every corner of the earth and from every rank of society. And there they were struggling to find their own level, cut off from all their former supports. I do not know if they found that level or not; it would be unkind to say. You could find scions of the Old World nobility working in a livery stable or behind a bar; and many of the social lights were only once removed, by a quickly made fortune, from those same useful if inconspicuous occupations. Even eight or ten years ago the 'old families'—families possibly twenty years old!—were already sinking out of sight. The Old Timers' Ball, an annual event, would bring out quaint reminders that Calgary had been successively a fort, a trading post and a cow town, within the memory of man. 'Leading citizens' of a generation ago might be all unknown to their successors. I was an Old Timer myself, by virtue of my father having been a pioneer, but as I had naturally never been a leading citizen, I did not know myself what this elder generation had been distinguished for.

"It is true that in the accepted sense Calgary affords no background. That is, it has no long traditions; the city's earliest beginnings scarcely date back fifty years; there are no historic buildings, and no indigenous culture or art. There could not be. But the people form their own background, just as Dumas—wasn't it Dumas?—was his own ancestor. And the revelation of character in that acid bath of competition is fascinating almost to the point of being shocking. People walk around in their naked souls, as it were. It seems to me that is far more interesting, and better raw material for fiction, than any background, however ancient, mellow and cultured, could possibly be. But it is also more difficult to transfer to paper. One has to be more detailed, to labor harder to build up the scene. There are no phrases rich with implications ready to hand. Half a dozen words will indicate an English scene. Say Tudor, or Georgian, or middle class, or Park Lane, and you have set the stage in an English novel; the rest is understood and may be worked in at leisure. But in Calgary—nothing was understood unless it was said very explicitly. Which it generally was.

"Why do I say 'was'? Because it is five years since I lived in Calgary; and if it continued to evolve at its former

rate, I doubt if I should recognize it I daresay that in essence it is the same, however. For my part, I do not see why it should not afford the best possible background for fiction. Balzac showed us that money is the life-blood of the modern social body, the root of power, and the chief spring of action. What is more fitting, then, than a commercial city as a setting for fiction, if fiction is an exposition of life?"

CALGARY has not changed beyond recognition, even outwardly, in five years.

Forty years ago it was a stockaded fort, sitting in the fork of the Bow and Elbow Rivers, frequented by fur traders, buffalo hunters and Indians. Thirty years ago or so the Canadian Pacific Railway pushed through the vast stretch of wilderness—as it was then—West of the Great Lakes, and joined Calgary to the outer world. The ranchers followed, and Calgary became a "cowtown".

Last, beginning some fifteen or twenty years ago, the general development of the Province and the central location of Calgary combined to make it a commercial centre, and it took on its present aspect.

In "The Shadow Riders" we see the town grow from fifteen to fifty thousand. A period of about five years is indicated, though the author admits she juggled the time to suit her convenience. When "Lesley Johns," the heroine, went to Calgary, the city "had not yet begun to climb the hills that hemmed it in" Now Crescent Heights —where "Lesley" sat and listened to the prairie lark and found herself quite out of sight of town—is a flourishing suburb, with many charming residences in place of the surveyors' stakes which "Lesley" pettishly kicked down.

The Mission Hill—beyond the Catholic Church and Convent—on the other side of town, is less altered, because less easily accessible. But further up the river, westward, a charming and spacious country club nestles in an "oxbow," with splendid golf links climbing the low hills for a glimpse of the mountains, sixty miles away but in plain view. It is in this direction, between the Club and the heart of the city, that the best residential section lies, following the river, and turning aside on the heights. The heights were once called American Hill, having been first built on by a few enterprising citizens from the United States. Since "Lesley's" time, an outburst of patriotism has changed the name to Mount Royal.

THE East End has grown to be a small factory centre, with the Canadian Pacific machine shops in a little suburb of their own. The glory of the East End has departed since the old Barracks was torn down, the headquarters of the Royal Mounted and scene of a thousand merry dances in the past. Once the Barracks was the official social centre of the town, and not so long ago neither. The Country Club has supplanted it, and enlarged its functions.

In the heart of town the centre of gravity has shifted utterly within the past three years. In almost all new towns the main streets begin by facing the railway station, and withdraws as the town grows. In Calgary the Canadian Pacific tracks run between Ninth and Tenth Avenues. When "Lesley" lived there, Eighth, or Stephen Avenue, was the important street, holding most of the shops, banks and hotels.

Since then has come the new station, with its wide wings almost obliterating the pleasant little station garden where "Lesley" met "Jack Addison" when she asked him to save the political career of the man she loved. To the east, along the same street, the new Young Men's Christian Association sits beside the great new headquarters building of the Department of Natural Resources of the Canadian Pacific. But the pivot on which the shift was made is the imposing new Palliser Hotel, which has made itself the centre of town even as the Macgregor indicated the head of the table. Stephen Avenue takes second rank now, the more because the new Hudson Bay stores have deserted it for an intersecting avenue.

Stephen Avenue, before the Street Railway was built—as Ross Whittemore saw it first

Mounted Police Barracks, Calgary, taken in 1913, just before they were torn down.

THE new hotel is the first thing a returning visitor notes, and perhaps the last he remembers. It has become the centre not only of town but of a newer smart "set" than "Eileen Conway" would have known. The corridors and tea rooms swarm with pretty girls, dressed so like New Yorkers that one cannot tell the difference—unless

one has been to New York. Society may have withdrawn to the Country Club, but here are its postulants. Also there are now many, many heroes in khaki modestly on view, drinking tea with deceptive mildness and stoical courage under a battery of feminine glances from the near-Broadway pretty girls. Had the hotel been built eight years ago or so, "Channing Herrick" would not have been obliged to go to a boarding house when he came to Calgary to recover, in that dry, bright climate, from an attack of pneumonia. And so he never would have seen "Lesley" from his window—and once again there would have been no story. But no doubt there are many new stories which now begin with the hotel.

The soldiers themselves have furnished the very newest addition to Calgary. Their camp town lies a couple of miles to the Westward, up the river from the Country Club; and it may have been from there that "Lesley's" lover went for a soldier."

And in contrast, one spot is very little changed. The bridge over the power house dam, where she met "Jack Addison" still leads to the little lonely island in the midst of the river, which she was wont to use as a pleasance to walk in.

Since the boom on which "Lesley" made enough money to go away, Calgary has had other booms, and recovered from them. There was last an oil boom, which collapsed most dismally. The town is sane now quiet but prosperous. Those who burnt their fingers in speculation are saying little about it. There may be a few less real estate promoters; and if "Jack Addison" who was one of the Shadow Riders, had not gone to the wars and been killed in the story—he might not be so rich as when he offered "Lesley" all his possessions if she would bolt with him.

No; Calgary has not changed a great deal, because change was always its genius loci, and really to alter in character it would only be necessary that it should stand still.

Remorse

By Gordon Johnstone

"THERE'S ne'er a bairn or whipster sweet to kiss me," sighs ould Rory.
"Ochone, lad," smiles the minstrel, "'tis your lips that no mouth knows,
For if a buck will tarry 'till his head is white and hoary
He can't smell flowers in Winter though he smell away his nose!"
And then the grinning divil
Tuned up his merry fiddle
For the little children swarming
O'er the green on tripping toes.

"There's ne'er a wife to greet me," sighs brave Rory, "when I'm homing."
"Be still, lad," answers Paudrig, "'twas fair hearts ye held in thrall
When your cheeks were hale and ruddy and the eyes of ye were gloaming,
And your legs as straight as larches by the ivy luring wall;
But 'twas ye that did the dancing
When ye should have stayed romancing,
And 'tis little peace I wish ye,
For I wish ye none at all!"

"There's ne'er a comfort of the hearth," sighs Rory, "now to lure me."
"'Twas gold ye loved," says Paudrig, "and 'twas gold that turned your head;
And all the doctors of the world can't ease your pain or cure ye,
And all the glitter of your wealth can't warm your bitter bed!"
And then the grinning divil
Took up his merry fiddle
And played a tune as mournful
As the wailing of the dead.

The Point of Saturation

"My dear," said I, "every man has to have a little corner of his soul which he can possess alone"

By Constance Smedly Armfield

Illustrated by Newton Howitt

WHEN Mrs. Darrell opened the telegram and cried, "Oh, aren't we honored! The Blythes are motoring over and want to know if we can put them up to-night," I had a premonition which was confirmed by Lydia Siddons's gasp and Susie's excited, "Oh, but mother, we've nothing in the house and the butcher doesn't call to-day."

"I can spin over to Hamilton," said Roy, obviously sharing in the general elation.

"Though she's so wonderful you feel you could ask her to sit down to anything," gushed Lydia.

"Still, we must give them something," said Mrs. Darrell in a flutter, and turned to me and said, "She really is the most amazing person. I am so glad she's coming while you're here."

Abnormally inflated personalities are to me as uninteresting as prize vegetables. I rebel against the claim their egotism makes on popular attention. It merely amounts to a colossal imposition of one person's tastes and ideas on the community.

When Mrs. Darrell proceeded to explain that she had been to school with Aurelia, and she had never dropped her though she had married a wealthy man and become a social star of the first order, I rebelled still more. Lydia, the school-teacher niece, was sensitive of my unresponsiveness and interpolated a description of the idol's lonely childhood. She had been brought up by an invalid aunt, and had met Calvert Blythe at some foreign health resort.

"Just like the fairy prince one reads about," said Lydia, who has a strong vein of childishness in spite of her thirty years. "He is like a Greek statue, and so cultured. They married almost at once and he lifted her out of a dreary, dragging-round existence into ideal happiness."

"And yet it's wonderful how she remembers everyone," said Mrs. Darrell. "She's so big-hearted, all her success hasn't spoiled her. You'll see how she'll be one of us."

"I'd better start," said Roy, fidgeting about with fifteen-year-old awkwardness.

I listened with about as pleasant anticipation as that with which I should await an earthquake. We had been a comfortably humdrum party, the Darrells and their gawky healthy youngsters, Lydia Siddons, who was possessed of nice intelligence, and myself. The cottage sheltered us adequately, and Darrell and I fished steadily through the long, drowsy days. We had music in the evenings and read to ourselves or strolled through the woods. I like vacations to be uneventful.

When Darrell and I came up from the water in the afternoon we heard a flutter and chatter from afar, and as we stepped on to the lawn, I met a flashing gaze challenging attention as though by divine right.

The Blythes had come.

Mrs. Blythe was a large and youngish woman, who would have been heavy if it had not been for her unusual lissomeness. She was not particularly beautiful; one really did not see her "points," one was only conscious of her inexhaustible vitality.

She bent forward in her chair, levying tribute as naturally as she breathed in the air. Immensely interested in everything and everyone, like a child. Darrell's stereotyped salutation was greeted with a wholesale illumination and her eyes explored my elderly visage as if rejoicing in a prospect of undreamed-of revelation.

The sensation was akin to receiving a full charge of spring water in one's face when one raised one's glass for a mild sip.

The curious thing was that everyone was clustered round with an air of delighted expectation. She was not the ordinary siren who says, "Look at me!" She was a far more dangerous variety, the one who says, "Let me look at you."

I recognized the influence at once as mesmerism, no less potent for the fact that it had become second nature to her. If a dog looked another way, she'd know it and send out a thought-wave in its direction. Consequently, all the humdrum little house-party was sitting tranced, thinking of nothing but Aurelia Blythe, and hungering for her attention. She dispensed personal questions and remarks to each and all, like sweetmeats, and they almost had the appearance of yapping as they gulped them down.

I cannot describe the mental strain of such an atmosphere. It was like living in the suction of a vacuum cleaner. Not a bad analogy; what she drew from people was not of much use to them, or her.

Some minutes after the shock of new adjustment, when I was eating cake and drinking in Aurelia Blythe, I caught sight of the husband, sitting in the shade trying to talk to Lydia—a difficult process, as her eyes were constantly straying to the one pole.

He was good looking, but you know the squeezed look husbands of stars usually have? He had that, only he seemed to have been squeezed hard, not pulpy. I encountered the blankest eyes I had ever met; and as I looked again, I saw they were cold and dead, behind their weariness. For all his good looks and distinction, he had not the look of life.

Then I saw his wife glance across at him, in a comprehensive ardent way, and I saw she still insisted on her right of way in, plumb in and through, her husband's soul. And I saw, too, that his return smile was polite and thin; and that he did not let her in.

I went on studying Mrs. Blythe from under the cover of my insignificance, and I saw she was drugging herself with all of us, and bluffing herself into a belief that she was reigning. There was just the one corner of the universe that was denied her—the one ewe lamb—the one green field—the one shell that would not open.

That the shell had once opened and let her in, and then closed up and ejected her because no single shell could stand the drain of so devouring an intruder, I was inclined to believe. There is no condition of mind so unresponsive as the mind that lives in the shadow of an overpowering personality. A quarter of an hour on the outside edge of a tea party graced by Mrs. Blythe had wearied me. Imagine living with her! Imagine oneself the recipient of her concentrated, undivided interest! And her husband had it even now. As I sipped my tea and crumbed my cake, a sort of sixth sense told me that however, Mrs. Blythe might tunnel into those around her, back of her thoughts was one big overmastering desire—the right of entry to her husband's soul. I suppose she called her feeling love.

And yet I did not dislike her.

She did not worry, one with false gestures or forced notes; her dramatic instinct was that of an artist. The performance of a child could not be improved upon; one forgot her mature years and matronly proportions, and smiled in spite of oneself when one met the infectious twinkle of those hazel eyes. She was intuitive, too; she said what you wanted her to say, and she knew just what pleased.

Some egotists keep the footlights between them and their audience, but Mrs. Blythe was with us, close among us; at any minute, her keen bright eyes might be searching our soul secrets.

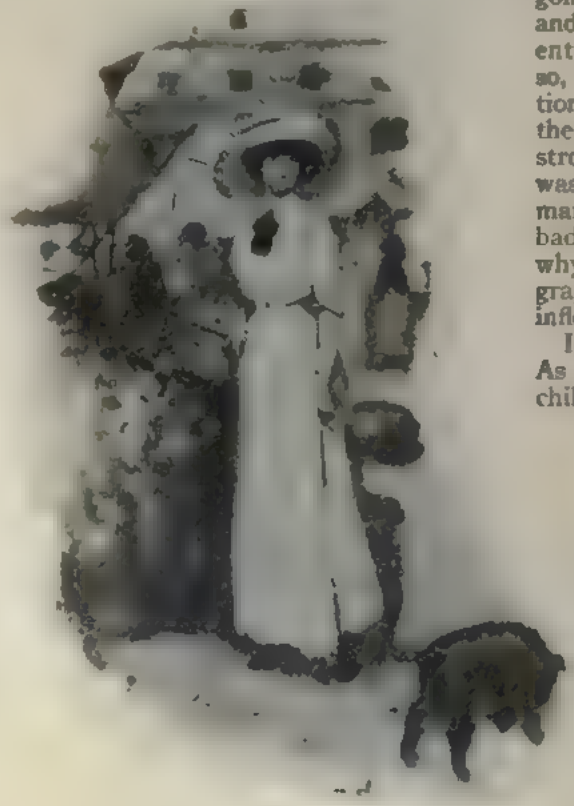
As we went up to the house to dress for dinner, the curtain pulled aside for a moment and I caught sight of the ugly, dreary "behind scenes." I had gone back to collect my fishing tackle and came upon the Blythes at the entrance to the apple walk. As I did so, I heard that fretful, angry intonation which sounds *baffled*, heard also the stubborn ring which a woman's strong will wakes in most men. There was no child note in Mrs. Blythe's demand; she was asking him in a hurt, bad-tempered, powerless sort of way, why he wanted to go down to the telegraph office before dinner, and he was inflexibly refusing information.

I judged it best to come on quickly. As she saw me, she slipped into the childlike manner with miraculous adroitness.

"Oh, here's a minister of light!" said she. "Now you can tell Calvert the best way to the village. I'm so afraid he'll be late for dinner.

There could not be a less punctilious woman than Mrs. Darrell. Mrs. Blythe was resorting to one of those quick little lies clever people use to screen an awkward turn.

While I spoke, Calvert Blythe moved off and we were forced to walk up to the house together. Her ripple of talk was rather feverish.



"You said 'Do something for somebody else,'" said she, "so I stayed here"

And yet while I raged at her, I pitied her. She was facing a proposition that I fancied would break even her indomitable spirit.

You can destroy yourself if you spend your life in trying to master vacuity. She could not anger her husband, nor please him. He had detached himself, become demagnetized.. You cannot close your hand about a vacuum.

She came down to dinner in a snowdrift of a gown, and played the child to a spell-bound audience wherein sat one deadhead. I joined Mr. Blythe after dinner and found him a gentleman well-read and well-traveled, though he spoke with the restlessness that most travelers have. I remembered having been told he had a good deal of money and felt inclined to ask him if Aurelia was a satisfying substitute for a life-purpose.

When I got up to my room, I saw Aurelia's appealing eyes, insisting on affection from everyone in her vicinity, and I wondered if Sisyphus had had a worse time rolling up his stone than she mustering up her force before a closed-up shell.

The curious thing was that the rest of the house party accepted the Blythes as an ideally happy couple. She imposed such an impression of her charm upon her circle that no one dreamed of her husband not appreciating her. And she adopted the pose of a successful wife. She exacted publicly just what he would give—politeness. Politeness was ingrained in him and she traded it off as devotion.

I do not know why I sensed the hollow ring. Perhaps because I was not mesmerized. I saw those two among the unhappiest souls I had ever known, and I was sorry. Very sorry.

When they left us, it was not only the emptiness that followed that made me depressed, though it was exactly as if the sun had dropped out of the sky. Positively, the very leaves looked gray.

It was five years after when we met again.

The Blythes had flown down from an utterly different stratum of society into the Darrells' halfway hospitality. I had not forgotten them. I do not see enough people to forget the few striking ones I have met. So when I encountered Mrs. Blythe in a boarding house at Florence, I knew her in spite of the great change.

The child had gone, and behind that mask of childhood there turned out to have been a middle-aged woman with pouches under her eyes and a mouth that drooped into heavy muscles at the corners. Her cheeks sagged, too. She looked as if her whole face had loosed suddenly from the unnatural tension which had screwed it up firm and young and sparkling.

I saw she was drugging herself with all of us and bluffing herself that she was reigning

Yet Mrs. Blythe's eyes looked out of that worn face, though their appeal was gone—that is, the appeal to the outsiders. The drug had lost its taste; only the hunger inside stayed and that was lively now. I have seen hurt people, but I have never seen a woman ravened on by a consuming fire; and that is what I saw.

She did not know me. The look that met mine was as blank as that her husband used to show to her. I did not introduce myself at first. Then I noticed that she sat alone at table and that she was dressed in black, unbecomingly dressed, as if she did not care.

I watched her quietly for the next day or so, wondering how she had been driven to this boarding house, for I found she had still her maid, and costly rings glittered on her fingers. I wondered, because the people who frequented the Pension Smythe did not bring maids. We came because it was English, and cheap, though run with the usual *pension* pretensions of long-course dinners and coffee essence after. Everything was essence, or pretense. The owner lived at a fear-stricken pace, striving to keep up with what she felt the guests might be accustomed to; consequently we never sat down to an

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"What!" yelled Banbury, "go out in that butter boat. I'm no fish"

Who Laughs Last

By George Fitch

Illustrated by Albert Leverine

TO begin with, I will confess that I am a coward about automobiles. I am not like some people. For me there is a limit. I don't mind turning corners sideways, or going over thank-ye-marms at seventy miles an hour, or landing in a hedge fence once in a while because a machine doesn't happen to be quite as nimble about turning corners as a country road. Every man who rides with the demented class has to get used to these things, and I can endure them. But when it comes to racing two miles for the privilege of slipping slantwise across a track in front of a locomotive as big as the senior pyramid, or whooping past a blind street corner, top speed, trusting to luck that some other idiot isn't whooping down the side street at the same time; or yanking on the high on a long, down grade on the theory that if you meet anything it is best to be going faster than the other fellow—well, all these are past my dead line.

I know I'm a coward, but I can't help it. It makes me feel creepy to scrunch over live things, too, and when little children come running out onto the street in front of a machine—I shut my eyes. Oh, I'm no real auto fiend! No racing car for me. Give me a nice, comfortable, touring car, 1916 model—built to make thirty on the boulevards and sound like fifteen, and I don't ask another thing.

Steeplechasing in a gasoline go-devil isn't my line. I avoid the record manglers; and if I can't avoid them, I make them mad so they will avoid me. That's what Jones and I did to Banbury. It's been six months since he has asked us to ride—six months of peace and safety. What's more, he will never ask us again. He is afraid if he does we will ask him to ride in our motor boat—there!. Blamed if I didn't hoist the curtain while the scene setters were still on the stage.

To begin again, I don't own a car. You've guessed as much. People who own cars have some defense. They ride in their own worry-wagons instead of getting abducted by goggled galoots who find a holy joy in trying to punch holes in the horizon. But people who don't have cars have friends who own them, and they are forever getting taken home *via* some point seventeen miles in the opposite direction. That was Banbury's style. He was a friend of mine who lived next door. It's three miles from downtown to our place, and three times a week Banbury used to drive up in his two-ton terrifier and say, "Jump in."

That used to make me mad in itself. There was something about Banbury's "Jump in" that made me boil. It was so hypnotic. I didn't want to jump. I had a great desire to tell the man to take his car and drive it off the first high spot he could find. But while I was figuring out just how to insult him without losing his friendship, I was also crawling into the car.

Banbury owned the ornerieat, most abandoned, most drunk-and-disorderly automobile in our town. It had sixty horse-power and a hind axle like the underpinning of an elephant. He always used to drive it with the muffler cut out so as to make it sound as fatal as possible, and it was against his principles to go into low speed on any pretext whatever. Forty miles an hour everywhere, with a laugh for the poor and the policeman, was his platform.

He was the boss tonsorial artist among automobilists. He shaved curbstones, telegraph poles, buggies, hearses and perambulators. He was also some hair tonic. He raised twenty heads of hair a day by honking past them so close that their owners' coat buttons scratched the paint on the tonneau.

But at that, I always envied the pedestrians and the horses when I rode with Banbury. They only had him for a second. I had him for ten and twenty miles at a dose. You know how you try to steer an auto with your leg, from the back seat, when the idiot at the wheel is trying to make it loop the street car? I have sat in Banbury's car and steered so hard that my leg ached for an hour afterwards. I have wondered vaguely as we dodged locomotives whether I would be presentable at the funeral—it's such a disappointment at a funeral when the corpse can't appear for inspection. And I have figured horribly, half an hour at a stretch, just what would happen to the city directory if a steering-knuckle should break, a wheel should dish, or the machine should throw a shoe on a crowded corner.

Three times a week, as I said, Banbury kidnapped me with that undertaker teaser of his and took me home. He drove himself—fools of his calibre being scarce and hard to hire—and every time he hit sixty miles and just missed hitting something else, he would turn his large, round face around with a smile of perfect bliss and ask: "I guess this isn't fun, hey?" And I from the corner of the tonneau, or the front rail, or the middle of the air, or

wherever I happened to be, would reply in words jerked out like sausage links: "Isn't—it—though!"

And all the while I was fighting mad to think that my bright and promising life, for the mere rental of which my firm was paying $3,000 a year, was being flipped around in and out of the jaws and about the canines and incisors of death, just for the amusement of a red-necked law-breaker. It may be almost worth while to march up a hill with 100,000 other defenders of your country and get shot into a thinly distributed paste by a thirteen-inch shell, but what possible credit is there in being wrapped around a telegraph pole with one foot in your vest pocket and the other in the transmission of an ex-automobile, and of being arrested if you are alive and called a joy rider by the papers if you are dead?

Every week I hated Banbury more, and every week he managed to get just about one more mile an hour from his car. And finally one night I rebelled.

"No," I said, when he stopped and said, "Jump in," "I'd rather ride in a common, old, flat-wheeled chariot with a conductor who washed last week than try to butt into Paradise in sections in that car of yours. You drive too fast for me. You come too near hitting things! I am just as comfortable in your car as I would be tied up in front of a mad bull with some friend trying to save me by shooting the ropes off."

Banbury just opened his plentiful mouth and laughed until I couldn't hear the exhaust of his engine. After that he kept right on stopping for me, and on each occasion he had a new insult.

"Get in, Sam," he would say; "I've just had the engine taken out. She works with a spring now. You'll like her better."

Or, "Come on, Sam. I'm going to take Blaine's little boy up, too, and he'll hold your hand if you're afraid."

Or, "Jump in, Sam; I'll run the hill on the slow speed and get you a sack of fudge on the way if you'll come."

"All I want" he shouted, "is to be taken over to that shore, there"

I told Jason Jones, my next-door neighbor, about these insults one Sunday while we worked on our motor boat. We owned a twenty-four-foot, semispeed model boat with a six-horse engine, that could kick it along nine miles an hour at nine hundred revolutions, and every Sunday we worked together on our craft. Motor-boating is the best of all sports. There is no arrogant, disagreeable bumptiousness about it. You do not run over people, get arrested for speeding, or mangle yourself in any one of a dozen different ways. Serenely and happily the motor-boatist wallows over the waves, inhales wind and weather instead of dust and small insects, and the worst that can happen to him is to get into the trough of a sea with his ignition drowned out and nothing more sustaining than rubber boots in case he can't bale as fast as the river comes aboard. Motor-boating is a glorious and gentle sport. It is enjoyed by nature lovers, but automobilists scorn it. There is nothing to scare but the turtles.

Jones and I go down early to the dock each Sunday to work on our boat. Sometimes we get it ready to run before night and sometimes we don't; but we always enjoy ourselves to the core. It was while sitting on the gunwale, after having cranked the engine eighty-nine times at a stretch—a record for him—that Jones heard my wail and conceived his brilliant idea.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said; "I've suffered from Banbury, same as you have. He got me in one night and took me eighteen miles out to some country club, in twenty-four minutes and ninety-six jolts. I'm laying for him too. Suppose we inveigle him into the *Peggy* next Sunday. He doesn't know any more about navigating than he does about the golden rule. We can break down and let enough water in through the pump intake to keep him working for his life for an hour or two while we tinker with the engine. Or maybe it will be rough and save us the trouble. Ten to one we will have him praying for help before two hours. Then we can take him home and tell him what a nervous little pussy cat he is when he isn't scaring people in his own particular way. How does that sound?"

"Jonesey," said I, rising up solemnly and swapping a handful of grease with him, "you're the genius of the age. It sounds like Revenge with Valenciennes trimmings." Then we gave up cranking the *Peggy*—she was feeling punk, anyway—and went home to get out the working plans for the plot.

It was as easy as electing the worst man in a city election. Banbury just sniffed and said no clam chasing for him. Six horse power in an ex-mud scow presented about as much attrac-

"If you ever speak to me again, I'll kill you!" he shouted

tion for him as a nice glass of bread and milk after a hot ball game.

Then I spoke my little piece. I had been rehearsing it all morning.

"Very well, Banbury," I said, "sorry you won't come. Some people are nervous about the water, I know; but there's no real danger. You're as safe as you are in your own car. If it would make you less afraid we could tow a skiff after us——"

That was enough. After Banbury had decided not to slap my nose around where it could sneeze into my ear, as he promised earnestly to do at first, he declared that he was going to navigate with us the next Sunday.

"Do what you like and go as far as you like!" he roared, "but don't let me hear any more of this nervous talk. When I get nervous about navigating a catfish slough in a horse trough, with a built-over cream separator for an engine, I'll let you know, but don't feel insulted if I bring along the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* to read. I've got to have some excitement during the day."

I went to Jones and we fell on each other's shoulders. Then we put in a fierce week on the *Peggy*. We took her apart from fly wheel to propeller, cleaned her up and tuned her until she would start with a single twist of the wheel every time. Then we filled the stern of the boat, suggestively, with life preservers, and waited for our prey.

We had an idea that Banbury didn't know much about the glorious art of navigation. We overestimated it by that word "much." He didn't know anything at all about it. When he got down to the dock on Sunday morning the river was full of white caps in answer to our prayers, and the *Peggy*, lying a hundred yards out at her anchorage, was bobbing "howdydo" enthusiastically. Banbury looked at her, and I could see relief breaking out on his face.

"So you're not going after all," he said cheerfully. "That's too bad. I was hoping it would be better weather. I had sort of set my heart on this trip."

"What makes you think we're not going?" demanded Jones.

"Well, you haven't got the boat in and it looks pretty squally," began Banbury.

"Say, what do you think we run—a ferry-boat?" said I. It was my turn at-bat. "We row out to our boat when we want her, and while there isn't sea enough on to make the trip interesting, we're going to do the best we can for you." I threw some oars in a flat-bottomed punt, climbed in, and motioned to him to take a seat.

"What!" yelled Banbury, "go out in that butter boat! I'm no fish."

"Sam," said Jones wearily, "Mr. Banbury wants an ocean liner to take him out to our boat. I'm afraid he isn't enough of a seaman to go out on a day like this. Will you run up to the boathouse and telephone to my little boy? He wanted to go to-day but I told him a big, stout man who wasn't afraid of anything was going to go."

If Jones had hit Banbury on the neck with brass knuckles he couldn't have looked more unhappy. "I'm going; what's the matter with you?" he moaned. Then he got down on his stomach and crawled into the punt from the float, and we paddled out to the *Peggy*. I won't say that I didn't help nature a little bit, but the fact is, we shipped about all the water that was good for us on the way out, and had a real nice trip. I'll bet the *Peggy* looked as big as an island to Banbury when he crawled into her.

I cranked the engine and the *Peggy* started downstream, nicely as you please. But not nicely enough for Banbury. I could see that in a minute. We were going into the waves quartering, and about every fourth one came aboard. Ordinarily, we would have run across to the lee shore, but that morning we stayed out and took whatever came. We gave Banbury the pump and told him to bail. We also told him how to put on a life preserver, and which way to jump in case the boat went over. Then Jones and I left him to himself in the stern. Theoretically, we sat together on the front seat to run the engine. But in reality, whenever we leaned down to investigate it, we were shaking hands and patting each other on the back.

You never saw such noble work with a bilge pump as Banbury performed that day. It kept us busy picking up enough seas to keep ahead of him. He pretty nearly pumped the oakum out of her. And whenever he stopped for breath, I would turn around, fog up my voice a little, and say, "Bully work, old man; we're still on top. But it's all we can do to keep her running. Keep right at it. Watch out—here comes a big one. Whoop!" Then Jones would slant her off just about in time to catch six gallons of river, and Banbury would bail as if he were a prisoner in a cistern in the Middle Ages, pumping for life.

It was the happiest trip I ever made. As a matter of fact, we were more than even with Banbury before we had gone five miles. But we were hoggish. We wanted to scare him until he would jump from his car and hide forever after when he saw us coming. I have since learned that enough is a great plenty, and that more than enough is what causes dyspepsia, insolvency, obituaries, and other troubles. But I didn't know it then.

Ten miles below town, the river jumped over a six-foot dam with a great splash. It wasn't really so bad. The current was gentle above, and clammers snubbed their one lungers up and down by the trees along the shore. But it sounded and looked terrific, and there were rocks enough below the middle of the dam to paralyze any craft. We decided to kill the engine and drift down. That would give us a quarter of an hour in which to bleach Banbury's hair and pry into

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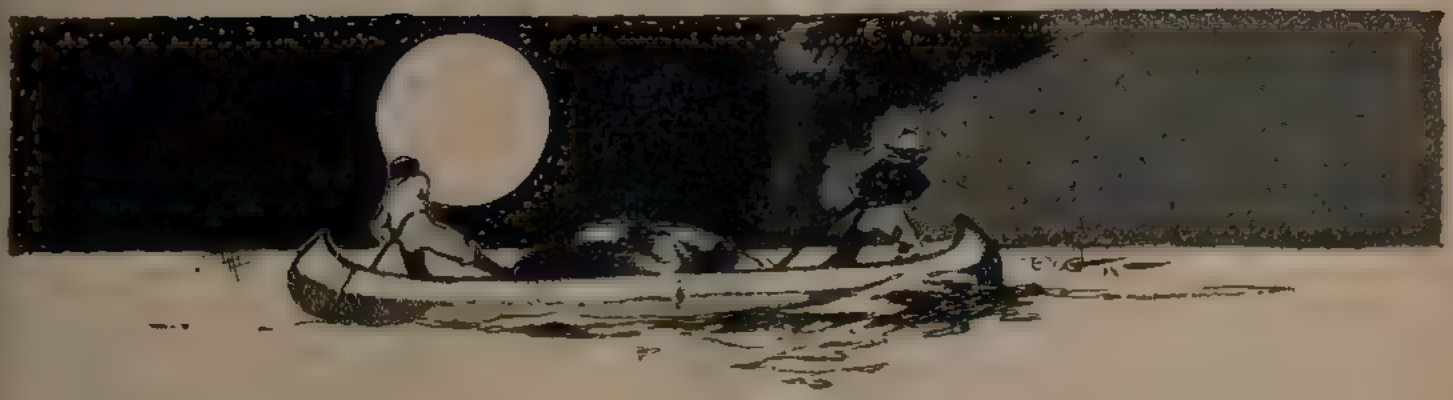
My God! The dam's only a mile away and she's balked. Crank for your life, Banbury

The Son of the Otter

By George Van Schaick

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant



CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

The two young men smiled quietly at her and Ahteck, after looking at Jean Caron and shaking his head, in turn began to eat much food, such as his great body needed.

They were soon ready to throw themselves upon their rough beds, which the hunters had made for themselves on the floor. Ahteck was about to blow out the candle, of which they had made extravagant use, when they were all startled by a sudden silence. The harsh, strident breathing of Jean Caron had ceased. It was poignant and profound. The man had peacefully breathed his last and the men instinctively took off their *tuques*.

Then they all knelt down in the little cabin of rough logs chinked with moss and clay from the river banks and repeated, as best they could, such fragments as they remembered of the prayers for the dead.

After a long time they rose and Ahteck lighted three candles which he placed at the head of the still form, and the sobbing child was again grateful. She knew that he was giving most liberally out of the small store that was left and which should have served to light up some moments of the endless dark evenings.

Long after the two men had risen Mititesh continued to remain upon her knees, while the men watched her, silently, afraid to intrude upon her sorrow. Then she sank down on the floor, in a sort of collapse, as though over-wearied and wrought beyond her strength.

Ahteck picked her up in his arms, a poor little flaccid thing, and placed her on his knees while he sat before the stove, her head resting in the hollow of his arm, her long tresses falling to the floor. Then she began to breathe quietly, while the tears kept coming to her eyes, serving to lessen the pain that was in her heart, and Ahteck caressed her face, gently, with his big rough paw, his great limbs looking strangely employed in this nursing of the little waif.

Finally she fell asleep, comforted, with his strong arms about her, protecting, supporting her, and for a long time he remained thus, still as a statue of bronze, fearing to move lest he should disturb her. Paul had fallen asleep while sitting at their small rough-hewn table, and was snoring peacefully, his head resting upon his arms.

The wood-mice squeaked as they ran beneath the flooring or came out, scampering and looking for crumbs. The wind rose, outside, causing ice-laden branches to crackle and break, and the man awake tortured his soul again with the thought that this child was perhaps suffering through the agency of evil things that hovered over him and all he might ever care for.

CHAPTER XIV.

A TREASURE OF THE WILDS.

At least an hour must have elapsed before Ahteck placed Mititesh on a bunk, without awakening her. (On the previous night she had hardly slept at all, and now her weariness had overcome her.) He placed her upon soft pelts that, in a great city, would have made too costly a bed for any but the very richest, and covered her with blankets. After this he saw that the stove was replenished and drew his tuque over his ears and his heavy mitts over his hands. Then he opened the door very softly. Once outside he saw great clouds scurrying across the sky, pushed by a strong wind that was blowing with bitter shrewdness. The crusted snow crackled under his feet as he walked off along the side of the little river.

A few score yards away from the camp, among the trees, he repeated the preparations for the disposal of the dead, building another scaffold upon which to place the body until they could dig down into the reluctant earth whose bosom was now locked by the frost. After he had worked for a little more than an hour he went back to the log cabin and awakened Paul, who lifted his head from the table and rubbed his eyes. But at once he understood what was needed. Together they prepared that which was left of Jean Caron and bore it away to its place of temporary rest.

The child was still sleeping soundly when they came back and threw themselves upon their couches on the floor, tired and heavy-eyed with sleep. The slumbering Mititesh seemed to be making up for the long hunger, for the weeks of overwork during which she had done nearly a man's toil, and, notwithstanding the keenness of the blow she had received, nature was reviving her and bringing strength renewed.

She did not awaken until it was fairly late in the morning. The light of day was already beginning to stream through a few cracks in the rough door A glance at the other bunk at once apprised her of what had been done The three little candles had burned down to the bottom of the tin plate on which they had been placed, for safety. She looked quite rested now, and her quiet resignation showed that, with the power of her youth, she was overcoming the forces that had been arrayed against her. At first she was seized

with the fear that she had again been left alone, that the two men had already departed for their hunting grounds, that she would not be able to stretch her hands out to them in gratitude. But in a moment she heard lowered voices outside and leaped out of the bunk. A moment later she pushed the door open.

"*Ouey, quey*," she greeted them.

They repeated the Montagnais words of greeting, smiling at her and asking how she felt.

"Pull down thy cap lest thy little ears freeze off, Mititesh," Paul admonished her. She complied at once.

Among the Indians it is only the forces of nature that are ever harsh to children. Never are they beaten, scarcely ever scolded. Greater latitude is always allowed them than would be the case with the young of white people, and yet scarcely ever do they become annoying or impertinent. Among these people there is still a leaven of old superstitions, notions of the centuries gone by, according to which the little ones carried the souls of the departed of their families. In this way the punishment of a child might have meant irreverence to the spirit of the dead. It is to be noted that such ideas could never have arisen in the minds of people who were not fundamentally gentle and kind, for the nature of all men is reflected in the beauty or the harshness of their beliefs. The traditions and the legends may go by the board but the central motive remains. In their treatment of Mititesh the two men simply followed ancient custom. But the girl had been alone, most of her life, with two ailing people a great part of whose care had devolved upon her. The change that had taken place was like that from freezing cold to pleasant warmth, from thirst and hunger to cravings satisfied. It was these two men who were bringing it all about, so that her little heart went out to them, and especially to the young giant who had carried her on his back through the wilderness, as the demi-god Nanabooshoo was said to have carried other children that had strayed afar.

She expected to see them leave at once, but through some tacit understanding the men remained in camp all that day. The child had found the tracks leading down the bank of the stream. A number of times she wandered down there, alone, and said prayers while she knelt down on the dry snow. Ahteck and Paul, however, were trying to lose no time. They did some skinning and stretching of pelts, and cut more wood and piled new snow at the foot of the shack to keep it warm. But the next day, by waning starlight, after a few words with his friend, Ahteck began to make ready to leave.

"Now I am going to look over thy line of traps," he told Mititesh. "It will take all of five days, and perhaps more. Paul will have to go over our lines and will also be gone for several days. It cannot be helped. But he will return before me. Thou wilt have to stay here all alone, but there is nothing that can harm thee, as thou knowest. Do not forget to cook for thyself, and to eat well. There is food enough. Eat when the proper time comes. Also remember to say thy prayers morning and night. So now I will say good-by, for I think to reach thy old camp this evening, carrying but a small load."

Mititesh turned away from him, her head bent low, trying to conceal her face from him.

"What is it, little one?" asked Ahteck, putting his hand on her shoulder.

"It is nothing. I will stay since it is thy wish," said Mititesh, turning to him eyes upon whose lashes trembled two big tears, "I have no fear of being left alone, and yet this day will be a very lonely one. My mother I always had with me, to talk to. I am very strong now and can bear loads, big loads. I used to help my father, often carrying his pack for him."

"It is thy wish to come with me?" he asked. "But thou knowest how long and hard is the way. It is a very long journey for thee."

"I have become so very strong," she persisted, pleadingly.

"With his long legs Ahteck will kill thee with fast walking," said Paul. "Not for nothing did his parents call him the Caribou. Here thou wouldst rest and eat well, and grow fat and round till thou couldst lift a hundred pounds of flour in one hand, a big strong maiden."

But Ahteck, seeing the child's desolation, came to a quick decision.

"Make ready in haste, Mititesh, we go together," he said.

The child gathered up a few things in a hurry and, stepping outside, tied on her snowshoes. A bit of happiness was surely throwing a ray of sunshine upon her, that warmed her heart. She was smiling now, through her tears. She seized her little tump-line and was about to take up a part of the load when Ahteck laughed.

"There is not enough for me now," he said, cheerfully. "Wait until we return with many pelts. Then thy very strong back will be bent under a great load."

She knew that he was jesting, and smiled at him again, happily, while Paul stared at him, amazed to see his sombre companion in such a pleasant mood.

"At least I may take the gun," said Mititesh.

She passed the rawhide sling of the gun cover that protected his 11 over his breast, making a quaint figure as she started away with the young giant a strangely assorted pair.

"*Ikan niam*. It is fine indeed!" laughed Paul. "See the great hunter starting. Now we shall know which is the better. *Bonne chance*!"

As with most of the Indians of Pointe Bleue their speech was apt to be a mixture of Montagnais and French with rare scattering words derived from the English.

The two waved their hands back at him and went on, while he fastened his tump-line to his forehead and started in the opposite direction. Ahteck discovered very soon that Mititesh was not the same child he had brought from the camp of starvation. Allowing for her youth, the statement that she was very strong proved true. She now seemed to be indefatigable and trotted behind him, mile after mile. Her vigor had returned with the abundant food of the last few days and her lithe young body was manifesting a wealth of recuperative power.

The first day's journey was not a very long one, as they had not made a very early start and Ahteck was anxious not to try the girl too hard. But on the following day, after a long sleep in the woods, they traveled far, reaching Caron's deserted camp and starting almost immediately over the line, after a long prayer before the scaffold and the snow-covered burden it bore.

It is a sad manner of disposing of dear ones but, in the middle of winter, nothing else can be done at first. Mititesh felt as if the poor shapeless form must still be suffering from the bitter cold and uneasy when the strong winds swayed the poles to which it was lashed. There are many who think that the Indians are an unsentimental race owing to the rather cold exterior they present to strangers. But those who have penetrated this deceptive surface, who have dwelt among them and obtained their confidence, know that in reality they are a people full of imagination and living in a world full of mysteries which they have sought to explain in legends that show a high degree of ingenious and often lofty thought. It is only after contact with the white man and his vices that they degenerate from a rather high estate to that of the lowest among the invaders of their fastnesses.

From earliest morning till nightfall they kept on following the long line, and the child showed great endurance and sometimes even proved of slight help. To the man her presence changed the character of his occupation.

The prolonged toil in utter solitude had always favored his tendency to revert constantly to the awful thoughts from which his mind was seldom entirely free. But now that this little one was beside him the work seemed more easy, the way shorter, the trend of his ideas less dark and gruesome. He noted her marvelous deftness in skinning small animals. One evening she set snares and was able to catch a couple of hares that served chiefly as bait for the traps, though the skins were carefully saved.

Ahteck thought well of the line. In former days Caron had always brought back a good lot of fur. The young man decided that it might be well to try to work it steadily, though he realized the enormous increase in the amount of toil it would entail. By this time many of the traps were covered deeply with drifted snow, which had to be cleared off, after which they were baited again. Ahteck, like all other trappers, used some wonderful stuff of penetrating odor to put upon his bait. It was a weird decoction of scent glands and other things meant to dispel the odor of man and even attract the game to the traps. Some of it he dropped on the soles of his shoepacks and upon his mittened hands.

They had gone nearly over the whole length of the long line, with a catch amounting only to two mink and a few weasels, besides a single marten, and, from the lay of the land, Ahteck knew that another couple of hours would bring them out upon the river again, fairly near Caron's camp. They were then traveling by the edge of a brook that was hard to follow on account of many recent windfalls, and Mititesh spoke.

"It must be very near. My father said that he had two traps set for foxes. He said he had seen many tracks near the bend of the brook. It is a very good place and in other years he caught some."

They kept on, carefully watching the blazes upon the trees, and reached a tall fir bearing a trap-mark.

At the foot of it there was a small mound, snow-covered, showing that a little hut had been built, of sticks covered with boughs of balsam making a roof. There was a narrow entrance through which any animal must enter before he could reach the bait.

Ahteck knelt down, after he had thrown off his pack, and began to scoop off the snow with his hands. It was fine and dry as sand. A few dark hairs showed and his eyes glittered, while Mititesh clasped her hands together, joyfully, and cried out:

"A black fox!"

Carefully, tenderly, they brushed off all the snow and took the beautiful

Synopsis

Peter McLeod is appointed agent for the Hudson Bay Company at Grand Lac, to succeed the inebriate Jim Barry, recently deceased. Upon his arrival at the Post, Peter finds stores depleted and accounts unkept. He tries to restore order and accidentally discharges an old pistol which wounds him in the leg. The various remedies applied by the Indians result in blood poisoning and he is near to death. Uapukun, a lovely young Indian girl, nurses him back to health and is rewarded with his love. She had been a servant for Barry's wife, during that unfortunate woman's lifetime, and her knowledge of affairs at the Post is a great aid to Peter in straightening out the financial chaos. She tells him that the brighteyed youngster Ahteck, always at her side, is her brother; both presently become essential to McLeod's happiness and he marries her. One evil day, when he is away on a week's hunting trip a band of Nascaupees arrive and their spokesman reveals himself to Uapukun as the avenging husband who has sought out her hiding place. She can purchase his silence only by giving him expensive stores and firearms. She refuses and he is about to strike her when Ahteck, hearing his threats, rushes upon him and fells him with a blow. He believes he has killed his father. He insists upon leaving home lest the punishment of offended deities may include those he loves, and journeys to Pointe Bleue, where he works in a sawmill and lives with the family of Jean Caron, whose little daughter, Mititesh, alone can rouse him from his gloom. He goes on trapping expeditions with Caron's friend, Paul Barrotte, and finally abandons his work at the sawmill for this newer occupation.

Upon the death of Peter McLeod, Uapukun seeks out Ahteck, overcomes his scruples, and, with the snug sum which Peter has left her, makes a comfortable home for Ahteck and the two children. With the coming of winter, Ahteck and Paul Barrotte start on their hunting trip to the North. Hither comes Jean Caron for help. His home has been burned, his wife and daughter, Mititesh, face starvation. His feeble strength fails him within sight of the shack and, with one despairing cry, he falls unconscious. Ahteck and Paul hear his appeal and quickly bear him to the shack. Ahteck goes at once to Caron's camp, where he finds Mititesh, half starved, mourning over the body of her mother. Ahteck places the body in a tree to await burial in the spring, and returns with Mititesh to his own camp.

hing out of the trap. It had not been dead very long and the snow had kept it from freezing very hard. This was the hope, hardly ever realized, of every trapper; the wonderful prize the possibility of which always lies before their eyes; the thing that brings startling dreams in the middle of the night; the stroke of good fortune achieved once out of many lives of terrible toil.

After they had loosened off the jaws of the trap they smoothed the wonderful fur, black as the pupil of a baby's eyes and threaded with a few silver hairs, with a dot of white at the end of the full, rounded, bushy tail. They studied it, and gloated over it, just as, in the great cities of civilized men, people become crazed over the precious marvels of art. They decided that, beyond a peradventure, the eyes of man had never before rested on such a large, splendid, heavily furred, long haired black fox. It was a wonder much greater than all other wonders, and they could hardly believe their eyes.

They could scarcely bear to put it away in the pack, but after it had been tucked in, with a thousand precautions, they walked away very fast in order to return to the camp before nightfall. But of course, after they reached it, they did not stop very near the charred remains of the old hut. It may have been a touch of superstition, perhaps, but one that may hardly be cavilled at.

The cold had abated a great deal, that day. After Ahteck had arranged their shelter, and their food had been eaten in great haste, they decided to skin the animal without delay.

"It is not at all spoiled," said Ahteck. "Take thou the knife and begin. Wait, I will sharpen it a little."

"But I am afraid," said Mititesh. "It is too beautiful. It might be that my hand would shake. It would be terrible to a make a hole in that beautiful hide."

Together they sat down on a great fallen log, after clearing off the snow. The darkness was coming on apace but the blazing fire before them permitted them to see and Mititesh, breathless, watched the skinning, which proceeded slowly, carefully, with all the infinite precaution demanded by such an important matter. Foxes are not cut open but cased, like other most valuable pelts. The hide has to be peeled off through a small opening between the hind legs, much as an eel is skinned, and the operation is one that demands a good deal of skill. Ahteck often stopped to give his knife a few strokes on a tiny whetstone, and would begin again to loosen the pelt with short, careful strokes, until it was all cased and looked fit to adorn a queenly neck.

Again they spent much time in looking over the wonderful thing, the inside of which was rubbed with a little ash from the fire, and at last the great lad spoke at length.

"I am glad, little Mititesh, for now thou art rich. The debt thy father owed the Company may be paid in full, and much money will remain. I have seen some black foxes in my time, but never one like this."

"But this fox surely belongs to thee," said the child. "Thou hast saved me, and without thee it would have been left in the woods and eaten by other animals, till nothing would have been left but a few black hairs and white bones. I can never repay thee."

"The fox is thine, Mititesh," Ahteck persisted. "Thy father set the trap and it now belongs to his child. Also the line was his. I would never take it for it would be an evil thing to do. There is no need to speak of this any more."

Mititesh rose and stood in front of him as he sat upon the log, cutting tobacco in the palm of his hand. For a moment she remained silent, looking hard at him and thinking of some way to arrange this matter. Then her eyes brightened and everything was beautifully settled in her mind. She had found a splendid solution of the problem.

"Now I will speak," she said. "It is mine, the beautiful fox, and we will sell it for much money. But thou didst find me and save me, and thou hast said I might be thy *ouask*, thy little child. But in a few years I will be a woman, and the money for the fox will be thine because thou wilt take me fro thy woman and all that I have will belong to thee. Thus is everything all right now. Is it not a good idea ?"

Ahteck looked at the child but made no answer. Before her glad and shining eyes his own fell to the ground. But Mititesh, greatly pleased that she had arranged things so beautifully, began to laugh in great glee as she spread out the blankets. Soon she crawled under them and fell asleep but Ahteck remained for a long time seated before the fire, that was sending little sparks up towards the sky. He was looking beyond them, into the darkness of future years, thinking over the great burden of a life that could never know happiness since, with that one terrible blow of his gunstock, he had shattered the ties that bound him to other men and let loose a vengeance that must overtake him some day.

CHAPTER XV.

MITITESH FINDS A HOME.

LONG before sunrise the man and the child left the camp on their long road back to Ahteck's shack, which they reached early on the next day. They found that Paul was there, having gone over the long line twice and picked up some good pelts. After he had finished this work he had begun on a labor of kindness, a terrific undertaking when the earth is frozen for many feet in depth.

In an open piece of ground that had been quite cleared in cutting firewood for the winter, and to protect their hut from forest fires he had cleaned off the snow over a wide space and then lighted a great fire. As soon as this was burned out and had thawed the surface for a few inches he had dug all he could with a discarded paddle that had a broken blade, also prying out rocks with a heavy pole he had sharpened at one end and hardened in the fire. He had repeated this operation a number of times, getting his hole deeper and deeper until, when the other two reached the camp, it was down over three feet, with the earth becoming softer. Ahteck began at once to help him, with similar clumsy tools, and the grave was soon of sufficient depth.

In this way they managed to bury Jean Caron, at whose head they placed a rough cross of heavy sticks bound together with the stringy rootlets of spruce.

In the Grand Nord, in the vast loneliness of thousands of square miles over which mere handfuls of men wander, one chances often enough to meet with such graves, of men and women and even little ones, abandoned upon the trails whereon the *voyageurs* cannot tarry long. For many years, until the breath of the world has blown away all marks of destructible things, they are remembered by wayfarers, who mention them usually in hushed voices seldom speaking of them as they do of other sign-posts of the wilderness. When they chance to be close to a river bank or the edge of a lake canoemen are apt to remove their caps and say a word of prayer, after which they go on, perhaps taking up a song again, to pitch their camp further away.

On the next morning Ahteck spoke of the arrangements to be made until the coming of warm weather should remove the icy barriers.

"From now on things must be changed a little," he said, gravely. "I will sometimes take Mititesh with me when I go over her father's line. This cannot be done very often, because it is far away and takes too much time, and I shall have to travel as fast as a man is able to. But now we must think that Paul is my partner, and since I will fail to do all of my share of the work it will be a loss to him, and he will have to work much harder. Yet this he can hardly do, for he now takes very little rest, and the beavers at felling time toil no harder. But the line of Mititesh is a very good one. A

Continued on page 166.

Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

Church Union in Canada

NOW that the Presbyterians have voted by an unlooked for majority of 4 to 1 in favor of a union with the Methodists and Congregationalists, the question has been raised by the Anti-unionists as to the title of all of the property—churches, manses, schools, hospitals, etc.—now held in the name of the local and Provincial church corporations. In an interview in the *Toronto Daily Star*, Mr. H. E. Irwin, K. C., gives an opinion that the Anti-unionists will retain title to this property and that it will require special legislation before the Unionists will be able to take their church buildings with them into the United Church of Canada. Mr. Irwin bases his opinion upon the famous Scotch case.

"The effect of the Scotch case is this: that in case of a disruption, the property held in trust for the church will belong to that body which maintains the identity of the doctrines, creeds, church government, and tests of the original body.

"At the present moment there is no possible legal doubt that every dollar of funds and every dollar's worth of property belongs to those who are maintaining the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and will continue to belong to them until the Legislatures of the Provinces exercise their power to take away the property of John Jones and give it to Tom Smith."

Mr. Irwin declared that there is even more ground for such a decision than there was in the Scotch case, where the union was between two branches of the Presbyterian Church, the most important difference between the two being on the question of establishment.

"There will be a thousand changes in doctrine, creed, and church government in the present union," declared Mr. Irwin. As an instance, he declared that the union will cause the disappearance of the Westminster Confession of Faith and the catechism.

The following is a review of the Scotch case, which was fought through to the House of Lords on the question of the allocation of church property. The minority of the Free Church who refused to join the union lost no time in testing the legality of the act of the majority in entering it. Their summons of December 14, 1900, claimed that in uniting with the United Presbyterian Church, which did not hold the principles of the Free Church, the majority had forfeited the right to the property of the Free Church, which must be judged to belong to the minority who remained faithful to the principles of the Free Church and were of that church. In the Scottish courts the case was decided in favor of the union by Lord Low on August 9, 1901, and by the second division of the Court of Session on July 4, 1902, it being held in both trials that the old Free Church had a right within limits to change its views and to do by its assembly what had been done. The proceedings before the House of Lords on appeal were protracted by the death of one of the judges, which involved the necessity of a second hearing, and it was not until August 1, 1904, that the verdict was pronounced. By a majority of five to two the House of Lords reversed the decision of the Court of Session, allowed the appeal and found the minority entitled to the funds and property of the Free Church. It was held that the majority of an independent church, adopting new standards of doctrine or ceasing to hold essential or fundamental doctrines of the church, forfeit the right to the property, which remains with the minority holding the church's original doctrine; also that the establishment principle was a fundamental doctrine of the Free Church and that by entering a union on terms leaving that doctrine an open question, the majority had violated the conditions on which the property of the Free Church was held. On the plea that by the declaratory act of 1892 the Free Church had abandoned its doctrinal position, argument was heard, but the House of Lords did not decide.

Few legal decisions have occasioned so great consternation or such serious practical difficulties. At first sight it deprived the Free Church section of the United Church of all its material goods—churches, manses, colleges, and missions, even of the provision for the old age of the clergy. It appeared to divert large amounts of church property from the uses for which it had been provided, and to hand it over to a body with which the United Church was deeply out of sympathy and which could have little prospect of making effective use of it. A conference was held in September between representatives of the United Free and of the (now distinct) Free Church, in order to come to some working arrangement in view of the decision, but no basis for such an agreement could be arrived at. Nothing remained but to invoke the intervention of Parliament to put an end to an impossible situation. A convocation of ministers and elders of the United Free Church, held on December 15, 1904, decided that the union should go on, and resolved to "take every lawful means of appealing to the nation and to Parliament to rescue the funds and buildings of the church for the

VERDUN

Named by the Celts of old, a fortress then
That stemmed the tide of Caesar's bold advance,
Full many a year of high and proud
Hast thou beheld. The tramp of armed men
Made music round thy moated bastions
The Vandal's and The Goth's invading lance
Surged o'er the border into beauteous France,
Bringing rude horde from northern steppe and fen!

And now to-day another menace nears,
Again a self-styled Caesar flings his host
In wrath on thee, who, scorning futile fears,
Defies and brings to naught his bloody boast.
For, crowned a queen among her mighty peers,
Verdun's high fame shall ring from coast to coast!

—LONDON NEWS AND LEADER.

sacred pruposes for which they had been provided." The Free Church could not refuse to consent to this and in December a commission was appointed, consisting of Lord Elgin, Lord Kinnear, and Sir Ralph Anstruther, to inquire into matters connected with the two churches, while the question of interim possession was referred to Sir John Cheyne, as commissioner, for inquiry and action. The commission sat in public and after hearing the evidence on both sides issued the report in April, 1905. They reported that the state of feeling on one side and on the other had made their work difficult. They had concluded, however, that the Free Church was unable in many respects to carry out the purposes of the trusts, which, under the verdict of the House of Lords, was a condition of their holding the property, and that there was a case for Parliamentary interference. They recommended that an executive commission should be set up by Act of Parliament, in which the whole property of the Free Church, as of the date of the union, should be vested, and which should allocate it to the United Free Church, where the Free Church was unable to carry out the trust purposes. The commission were to entertain suggestions which might be made to them for friendly arrangements.

The commission found the work of allocating the property a slow job, but in 1908 over 100 churches and manses had been assigned to the Free Church.

Britain's Commercial Supremacy

EVEN the German people now admit that the real reason for the Kaiser's war against Great Britain and her Allies is the hope of being able to obtain supremacy in world trade. So it is of interest to consider what conditions will prevail after the conclusion of the war. Will the war of cannon and rifle ball be continued in an ever aggressive war to drive the Huns from the markets of the world? This problem is discussed in an exhaustive article in *The Contemporary Review* by the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Compton-Richett, M. P., under the title Commercial Supremacy After the War as follows:

We are turning aside to discuss with interest those trade conditions which may immediately follow the war; but, although we are able to command sufficient mental detachment so to do, the violent antagonism which exists colors the discussion. We are assuming that our present temperament will continue, even when peace is signed, the fields are again cultivated, and the charred cities rebuilt. We take too much for granted that our enemies will

Kultur Nursery Rhyme.

Sing a song 'of air-raids, coming o'er the deep,
Four-and-twenty children, murdered in their sleep!
Back again to Hunland, where the bells will ring—
Isn't that a pretty tale to set before a King!

—LONDON OPINION.

be at our throats commercially, and that the war, which will have ceased only in a military sense, will be still carried on in every neutral market of the world. It is suggested that the Allied countries will propose to form their own trade groups, and to boycott Central Europe for ever. Beneath this policy lies the tacit assumption that we are going to make peace upon terms which will leave us in the same position as before; that we shall have to rebuild the commercial edifice with the trade relations to one another which existed before the war. It does not, apparently, occur to our economic advisers that if we accomplish the military result to which we have set our hands, there will be no peace until Germany is politically disabled, and, incidentally, commercially crippled.

But can it be seriously contended that German-made goods are to be shut out of the markets of the world, and her state of isolation prolonged indefinitely? Such a condition would stimulate animosity, blight the reformation of German character, almost justify her in the renewal of her military preparations, and open a vista of further war. It would be an unprecedented and an impossible future. By these threats and warnings it is probably meant that if the Government of Germany persists in forming commercial combinations distinctly hostile to the traders of the Entente, their Governments will meet combination by combination. But that is war, and war is always intended to be pressed to a conclusion in order ot obtain a result. Chronic war is fatal to civilization, as the people of the middle centuries discovered. When we are negotiating a military peace we shall have to take into account the disturbing element of commercial rivalry and provide against it, as part of the terms of the settlement. For, like war, such competition has its price, and none of us will desire to pay it. We shall all have our own bills to meet, and will naturally demand peace and quiet in which the shattered finance of the nations concerned may be repaired.

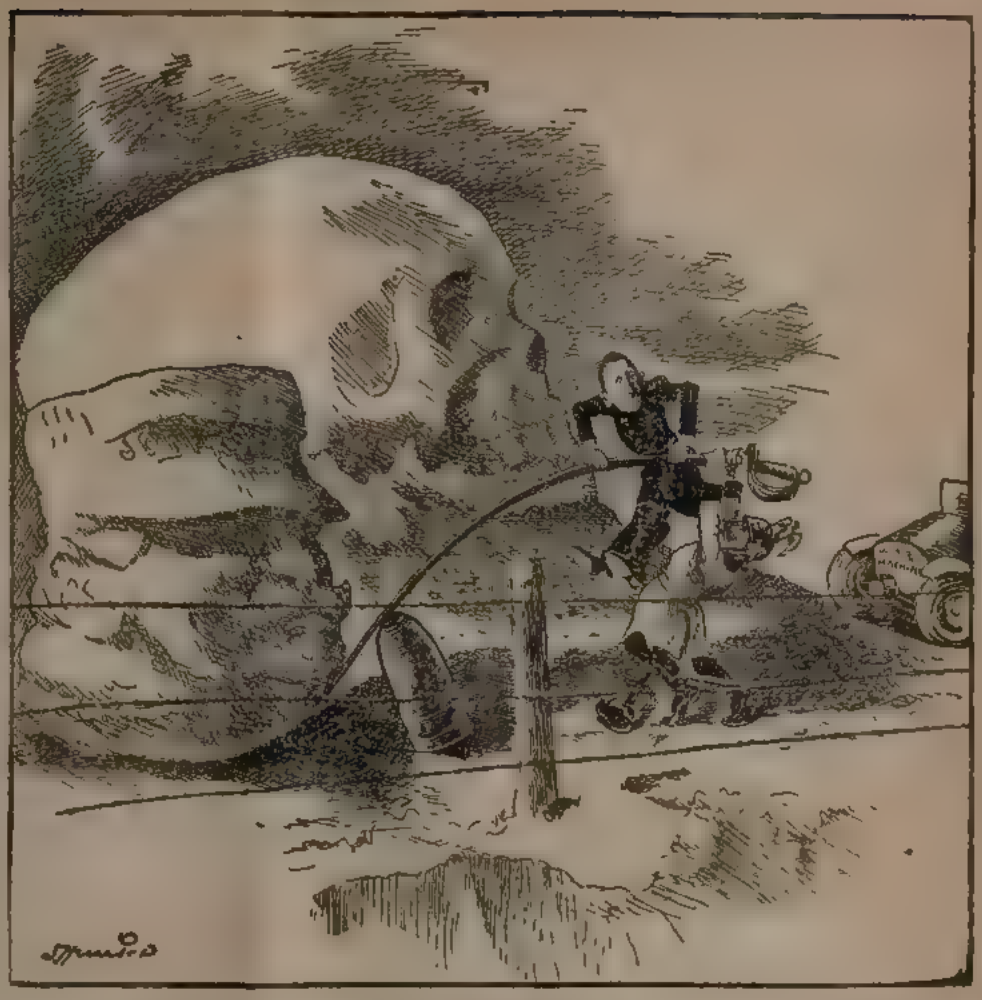
The United Kingdom is not self-contained in the position of a country like the United States of America, which commands everything that can be produced from the Arctic to the Tropics. We have not to determine the abstract value of a commercial system, to decide the claims of Free Trade, tariffs or full Protection but to consider the most secure conditions for the United Kingdom as it now exists. These islands are set in grey Northern seas, subjected to a variable climate and of limited fertility. Through our mineral wealth and the intelligent industry of our people, we have overcome these disadvantages, and have converted a small agricultural community into a great industrial nation. To maintain our population and to provide for its natural increase we are bound to convert our mineral wealth into manufactured goods. These we exchange for supplies of food, and with our surplus profit further develop our own trade and lend capital to the rest of the world. For however intense may be the cultivation of the soil, no improvement will spare us from importing the larger proportion of our foodstuffs so long as we maintain a standard of good feeding. In addition it is almost as important for us to keep the greater part of the carrying trade of the world in our own hands. By that means we maintain communication and intercourse between the different parts of the Empire. The control of carriage interests us directly in the merchandise carried, and tends to enlarge our own dealings. We begin with cheap material, we have practically an engineering monopoly, and by these means are enabled to build and equip vessels at lower first cost than other nations. So long as we maintain free imports, we supply both the outgoing and the incoming voyage with freight. This gives us an advantage over competitors willing to export but unwilling to import, and the double journey reduces the cost of freight upon every ton carried. Some of our business as carriers lies between one country and another where we may never touch a British port in the trans

I Am No Uncle Sam
Brooklyn Eagle

action. Beyond these incidental advantages we retain the profits of the carrying trade in our own hands. Our mercantile supremacy upon the sea stands for more than a great revenue. We cheapen food by low freights, and in return thrive through hostile tariffs to find new markets for our manufactures. This, it may be said, is merely the commonplace of Free Trade, but it is under this system that the enormous wealth of this country has been accumulated.

To obviate the difficulties with which we were confronted at the beginning of the war we must take a more intelligent interest in our own affairs, but are not required to dislocate our trade relations with other countries, or to close our ports against them. Hitherto, our national trade has been left to the enterprise of individuals. They have not had the means at their disposal for determining over-production or under-production. New interests have come into play, new concerns have been launched, waxed, waned, struggled, conquered, or failed without the slightest reference to the benefit or loss of the community. The future Minister of Commerce will have to satisfy himself that somewhere in the Empire we are raising raw material, and are competent to provide everything which is ancillary to our leading manufactures. When we have produced our cotton and woollen goods, there must be a dye industry in existence to prepare them for the market. The reduction of our working capital by taxation and Government loans will make it more important than in the past that we make an economical and intelligent use of the balance which remains.

An unnecessary surplus of capital employed in one direction deprives another industry of its fair share. Over-production stimulates that cut-throat competition which creates violent changes of price and disturbances in the labor market. We have never sufficiently realized the amount of injury inflicted by competition within the limits of home trade. It causes much trouble and brings no corresponding compensation to the community. Over-production may occur within a protected country as easily as under Free Trade. It usually follows a period of high profits which stimulates the extension of factories and machinery. The manufacturer likes to keep the control of his capital in his own hands, so instead of seeking Stock Exchange investment he extends his business at the expense of his competitors, loads the market with material which it cannot absorb, until the whole trade is reduced to a margin which is not remunerative. The general public are tempted by low prices to a wasteful consumption, for which they have to pay later on. The wealthy manufacturer seeks redress for the loss of a manufacturing profit in speculative dealings in the raw material. Then follow failures, new combinations, trusts, syndicates, and high prices. Capital has been diverted from more useful channels, and everyone is the worse for the trade war. You may hermetically seal a public building against the entrance of cold air, but people will still complain of draught. These draughts are created within the building by the warm air from the hot pipes rising to the window spaces, becoming suddenly chilled, and descending in cooler streams. So the problem of over-production, with its consequent discomfort, lies within the control of the country in which it originates.



At Dead Man's Hill — *Toronto World*

When the business of the United Kingdom is subject to proper supervision, over-production will be checked, and an extension of works will require a Government licence, as, indeed, is the case in the present time of war. On the other hand, under-production will be remedied and fresh enterprise encouraged in directions which are likely to benefit the community .Our tendency has been to concentrate upon a few great trades and to neglect many of those subordinate industries which have their use and place in a national scheme. It is only the Government of a country which can efficiently survey the entire field of operation, and so co-ordinate the efforts of the commercial world. If any further argument be required, we may remind ourselves that for a considerable time capital will fetch higher rates, and its profitable direction will be true economy. At the present moment we have probably lower rates for money than we can anticipate after the war, when foreign trade revives and artificial restrictions are removed.

With regard to the Dominions, our one safe and sure course is to leave them to settle their own commercial problems in their own way. In fact, we have neither the right nor the power to interfere. Canada is next neighbor to the United States, divided from the great Republic by a bare thread drawn across inland waters and open country. The commercial relations between such near neighbors are bound to be of the utmost importance. If they desire to trade with one another more freely than formerly, let them do so, for nothing could compensate Canada for the surrender of her own Continental

market. The utmost which we can expect from our Dominions is a first call upon their produce, in case of necessity; at the best price which those Dominions can obtain in any other market of the world. We can act as a clearing house and adviser, placing our negotiating ability at the disposal of any one of them for making a commercial treaty with a foreign nation. But a common formula cannot be found which would include the Empire as a whole, and to attempt one would create difficulty, because the conditions do not admit of unified action. There are, undoubtedly, questions which ought to be treated imperially. The "pooling" of our Naval and Military resources has proved to be a necessity, and must be further discussed when peace ensues. Our foreign relations to the rest of the world have a direct bearing upon our provision for Naval and Military defence. On the one hand, no single portion of the Empire can be left alone in any dispute with a first-class Power. On the other hand, the Dominions will not permit themselves to be drawn into another great war without having a voice in the foreign policy which necessarily relates to it. This, of course, implies an Imperial Council, new to the Constitution, regularly formed, and annually in session. The British Parliament, together with the Parliaments of the Dominions, will be represented upon it, but the supplies which are required for Naval and Military Services will have to be voted by the various Parliaments in the usual way, and hence those Parliaments will indirectly retain a control over policy.

As soon as our Armies are disbanded, we shall have to direct a considerable amount of attention to the general question of labor. Labor in the fields had already become a difficulty, and the scarcity of cottages was prompting us to take some preliminary steps when the war broke out. In consequence of this scarcity, it has been difficult for married couples to find a home, and young fellows were steadily emigrating, particularly to Western Canada. In the future we may expect that the land question will become still more urgent. There are many large estates which will be offered in consequence of increased taxation, and of the better employment of money elsewhere. It will be desirable to hesitate before we embark upon fresh schemes. We ought not to settle upon fixity of tenure or peasant proprietorship until we are better informed as to the future handling of the soil. It is most probable that science will quicken her pace during the present century, and that chemistry applied to cultivation, with an extended use of machinery, will give better results with less local labor than at present. Until we see the way more clearly, it would be wise to put up comfortable dwellings of a temporary character, similar to the buildings with which the war has made us so familiar, instead of multiplying pretty red brick cottages, which may not ultimately be occupied by the class for which they are supposed to be required. The dreary inactivity of the countryside for a part of every year suggests alternate village employment, which a cheaper and wider distribution of electric power may put within the reach of smaller localized manufacturers. But there is something of still more importance. Much loss is inflicted upon farming through an ignorance of world production, and the want of intelligent co-operation. A constant fluctuation in price is no mere matter of the market town; it is the result of world-wide operations. The price of bacon next year depends

Turkey in the Straw
Cincinnati Times-Star

chiefly upon Chicago, and it is possible in some degree to forestall the market. To farm successfully in a country which freely imports foodstuffs implies adaptation, and a clear knowledge of the productions of other continents. We need national and county associations, with their agents everywhere, who will advise the farmer upon marketable products, teach him standards of quality, undertake to find him an outlet, and generally relieve him from the commercial side of his industry. Is there any reason why the success of Denmark in dealing with dairy produce on co-operative lines should not be followed generally in British farming?

In order to maintain the commercial supremacy of the United Kingdom we must make sure that a sufficient amount of labor and of capital will be always available in this country. "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved." London must continue to be the commercial centre of the world, its financial metropolis. We have discussed methods by which labor shall be properly remunerated, we have sought a method of relieving taxation from becoming an intolerable strain. We have not to fear competition from the Continent of Europe for our neighbors will be burdened in proportion to their resources more heavily than ourselves. It is to the competition of the United States that we naturally look, but that competition will not be serious so long as the United States continues to maintain a tariff wall. So long as she does so, the cost of production in that country will be maintained. It may be necessary for us to direct the flow of capital to the East, where the raw material of certain commodities lies to hand, and where colored labor can be obtained at a comparatively low price. But we must take care that this diversion of capital does not go too far, or we may have the mills of Lancashire and of Yorkshire working at less than full time, whilst Bombay and the farther East are booming.

Yet we cannot expect that we shall continue for ever to import raw material from Asia, pay freight upon it, convert it into manufactured goods in Britain, and then export the finished article to clothe the inhabitants of the very countries where the raw material has been grown. The Asiatic does not lack readiness in a new task, and with a little practice can learn it. Whether he has the physical power to work as hard as the English man or woman is a question of food, and a rise in wages will do much in that respect, as he will never require the Western standard of living. He has learned to do with less, and makes more of the food than the European. It must be remembered that climate has an important bearing upon food. The cold and variable climate of this country diverts a portion of the food we eat to the maintenance of animal warmth. Money has to be spent in clothing, in fuel, and in suitable cover. From this the inhabitant of warmer climates is largely exempt. The sun makes that provision for him, and so he starts with a competitive advantage. No doubt the teeming populations of India, of China, and of Japan have dropped to the line of bare living, the smallest amount at which their working ability can be maintained. Besides which, periods of famine have overtaken them, and thinned the population down to the point at which there was sufficient food for the survivors. This process, which has been going on for centuries, has bred a race which can live upon an amount representing sheer starvation to the European.

The experience of the Russo-Japanese War proved that under the same military condition the Japanese soldier could march, fight, and win upon food which would have been utterly insufficient for the Russian Armies. Nature adapts mankind to its social condition, and remorselessly removes the unfit. We must not nurse the delusion that the Asiatic working class will not be soon fully supplemental to the British workers, for the organized labor of the East will be required to maintain the commercial supremacy of the Empire. But, for the present, Europe will need to recover from the war. There are bridges to rebuild, railway tracks to be relaid, factories to be refitted, and every branch of industry in this country will find employment for a considerable time. The mineral resources of the East will be slowly developed, and it is a fortunate fact that we control so much of the tropical and sub-tropical portions of the earth, where there is natural wealth waiting for us, and where labor is abundant and eager. We must live frugally, accumulate capital, and be thankful that our own credit remains unshaken. Germany has lost the goodwill of Russia, will cease to tinker with Turkey, whilst Great Britain and France are summoned to take her place. Russia is commercially a virgin country, with possibilities as great as that of Western America. But why should not the United States, immense in her resources, share this trade with us, or even anticipate us in competing for it? At the beginning she may so do, but only to a small extent. The United States has not yet satisfied the call for investment with her own territory. She has the Southern Continent, the other America, to develop, and perhaps to colonize, in the future. It will be better for us to give way to her in Argentina and in the other Latin States of the New World, whilst we devote ourselves to work closer to hand. We are on the threshold of Europe, within call of Western Asia, well equipped for service, and have political as well as commercial considerations to invite our trade. When we and the United States have respectively done our own work, the vast territories of China lie waiting for our joint efforts. As we regard this extended field of human endeavor, accompanied by the growing importance of our own self-governing Dominions, the horizon widens, until there is hardly a measurable limit to our opportunities. For this country there is a good time coming, if we will only wait a little longer.

While many of the observations of Sir Joseph Compton-Richett are quite general, he offers food for thought for those who lead the Empire after the war.

Well Trained By the Kaiser's Sister

Queen of Greece:—Lie down Tino! That's right. Now Your Majesty may step over him into Greece

Montreal Daily Star

Review of Ottawa Legislation

IN a recent leader editorial the *Toronto Mail and Empire* gives a condensed review of the results accomplished by the session of the Dominion Parliament. War measures made up the chief work of the Session and are summarized as follows:

Since the war began Parliament has had to confine its attention to legislation called for by the current and impending requirements of Canada's part in the struggle. Ways and means for carrying on the war and measures for adjusting the affairs of the country to the situation created by the war have been the chief business of Parliament. This is not the time for attempting large schemes of creative statesmanship, general reform or public works. These are things that must be left in abeyance until we are through with the enemy, when policies of reconstruction will be the order of the day.

Legislation for financing the country through another period of the war ranks first in importance. The budget was one of the most notable ever submitted to the House of Commons. It is a performance that adds very greatly to the reputation of the Finance Minister. His Act to levy a tax on business profits is a very happy device for increasing the revenues largely at a time when increase is much needed. Its impost of one-fourth of the net profits in excess of 7 per cent. cannot be felt as a burden, and will contribute handsomely to the sinews of war. The changes in the Customs duties will add substantially to the yield therefrom, and that without bearing heavily upon any interest. In his fiscal scheme Sir Thomas White studied to spare consumers as much as possible, and especially to add not a straw's weight to the taxes the farmer has to pay. The farming industry is exempt from the business profits tax. The life insur-

Son:—"What should I do if at first I don't succeed, papa?"
Father:—"Lie, lie again, my son"

ance companies are untouched by it, and have therefore nothing to shift upon the shoulders of policyholders. The arrangement consists well with the Government's efforts to promote production and thrift. The zinc bounty provided for this session is also a war measure designed to foster industry at home and furnish material aid to the force in the field. The new War Appropriation Act authorizes the Government to pay out beyond the ordinary grants of Parliament a sum not exceeding $250,000,000 towards defraying any expenses in the current year for the defence and security of Canada and other purposes, and enables it to make loans for the raising of the money. An important amendment to the Bank Act provides for lending to farmers on security of live stock.

The Act in aid of provincial legislation restricting the sale of intoxicating liquors also comes under the head of war legislation as distinct from legislation in pursuance of a policy of social reform. As Ontario had placed a measure of prohibition on its statute book as a means of strengthening the province through the war strain, and as other provinces had similar legislation under way or in prospect, the Dominion Government felt it to be its duty to bring in a measure adjusting the Dominion law to such provincial legislation. The Canada Temperance Act was amended in accordance with this idea.

The House dealt with two important resolutions. One of these, introduced by the Government, was in the form of an address to the Crown for an amendment of the British North America Act to add a year to the life of the present Parliament. The resolution was passed without dissent, and the bill to amend the British North America Act is now awaiting the attention of the British Parliament. The other resolution, introduced by Mr. Lapointe, was in the form of an admonition to the Ontario Legislature on the subject of the School Law known as Regulation 17. The debate on this resolution was carried on without acerbity, but the resolution was defeated by a large majority.

The vote of aid by way of a loan to the Canadian Northern Railway and to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, $8,000,0000 in the one case and $15,000,0000 in the other, was made to enable the roads to tide over the war time. It is the intention of the Government to have the railway situation thoroughly studied and reported upon so that, as soon as possible after the war, a plan for the permanent settlement of Canada's railway policy will be brought before Parliament.

Billions of Fish For Our Lakes and Rivers

A GLANCE at Canada's balance sheet of resources shows its fisheries to be among the more important industries of the Dominion. The *Stratford* (Ont.) *Beacon* in commenting on the announcement that a new white fish hatchery is to be established at Kingsville on Lake Erie, points out that 64 similar government and provincial hatcheries are turning something like one and three-quarter billion fish and fry into the lakes and rivers of Canada. Commenting further on the fish industry, the *Beacon* says:

The work of fish breeding in Canada, has assumed considerable proportions in recent years. These hatcheries are in every province, their total being 64. From them come the fish and fry which are distributed by the million each year in the various waters throughout the country. The varieties bred are Atlantic salmon, Pacific salmon, speckled trout, Kamloops trout, white fish, pickerel, shad, lobsters, etc. Both commercial and sporting species, it will be seen, are handled, but the tendency now is for the Dominion to let the provinces look after the sporting varieties. Recently hatcheries have been transferred to Quebec and Ontario, for example. The total distribution during 1915 from the 64 hatcheries in operation was no less than 1,643,725,212, an increase of 415,748,623 over the previous season. The increase was largely in white fish and lobsters. The former were distributed chiefly in the Great Lakes of Ontario and Manitoba, the figures being 281,620,000, and 200,578,000 respectively. The lobsters went to Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. Of the grand total distribution for the year, Ontario got 391,320,700, Nova Scotia 470,945,800, Manitoba 224,578,000, Prince Edward Island 220,116,292, New Brinswick 167,061,900, British Columbia 80,205,633, Quebec 76,826,800, Saskatchewan 10,950,000, and Alberta 770,600. The Quebec waters had distributed in them Altantic salmon, salmon trout, speckled trout, grey trout, red trout and lobster.

The supply of food fishes is liable to decrease for various reasons, especially in the small lakes and streams which are in some instances wastefully depleted. Dynamiting and illegal netting, fishing out of season and other offences against common sense and the regulations are committed by persons who do not care if the fishing in their neighborhood is destroyed altogether. Hence, the necessity of scientific fish breeding. The stocking helps to make up for the loss and the fry are also introduced into waters previously lacking fish. The development is important and gives a good return for the energy and money spent. A great asset is possessed in the fisheries of the Dominion.

Alberta's New Liquor Law

THE liquor law which went into effect in the Province of Alberta on July 1st prohibits the sale of all kinds of spirits for beverage purposes. Importations from other provinces are permitted. The *Calgary News Telegram* sums up the main points of the new law as follows:

Outside of the vendors to be appointed by the government, sheriffs, common carriers and the like, the only persons entitled to possess liquor are: Occupants of private dwelling, not including boarding houses, who may keep a quart of spirits and two gallons of malt liquor; persons engaged regularly in mechanical business or in scientific pursuits, who may keep 10 gallons of alcohol; physicians, who may keep two quarts; dentists, who may keep one pint; veterinary surgeons, who may keep a gallon; and druggists and ministers of the gospel who may, apparently, keep an unlimited amount.

While it is allowable to import liquor from outside the province, the only parties allowed to sell liquor in Alberta for consumption in Alberta are government vendors and druggists on prescription. This, of course, does not apply to sales by the sheriff, nor the sales by brewers and others in Alberta to buyers outside of Alberta.

According to the act, the only persons the government vendors may sell to are those buying it for mechanical, medicinal, scientific and sacramental purposes. The vendor is authorized to sell liquor to those who desire it for mechanical or scientific purposes, only upon affidavit that it is to be used exclusively for these purposes and not for consumption as a beverage. Druggists, physicians and dentists may be be supplied with small quantities upon affidavit, telling how the liquor is to be used, and declaring that it is not to be used as a beverage. Preachers, however, may be supplied for sacramental purposes with any amount, seemingly upon a mere written request, no affidavit being necessary.

Druggists and physicians may retail small quantities of liquor, the former only on physician's prescriptions, and the latter only when he really believes it necessary for the patient, in both cases, a complete record of the transaction, with the name and address of the purchaser, must be reported to the government. A dentist may give a patient a small drink out of the pint he is allowed to keep, if he really believes it necessary.

Continued on page 191.

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The Son of the Otter

Continued from page 158.

strong man can get good hunting from it. There is fur there, and for some years it has not been hunted as hard as our ground, and therefore it should be seen to. The pelts we have just brought from there will belong to Mititesh, for she and her father baited the traps. But now any other fur we may get from that country must be divided in three parts, one for each of us, so that we may not lose the good of our greater hardship. I think this will be fair. Paul, what sayest thou?"

"I think it is right, if Mititesh is willing," answered Paul, cheerfully.

"It shall be as Ahteck says," declared the child, gravely. "We have it all arranged that when I become big I shall become his woman and he will have everything that belongs to me."

"Oh! Thou shalt be his woman!" laughed Paul. "It will be a long waiting for him, for thou art but a tiny thing, a *Pileshish*, a little bird scarcely fledged, while he is a great man, big as a moose. Well, I will dance at the wedding, thus!"

He began to execute some very fanciful steps on the floor of the little cabin, but Mititesh drew herself up with some dignity.

"In a few years I will be a grown woman," she said. "I will never have any other man, for my father who is dead said that he was wise, and I know that he is very good."

"That will be splendid," assented Paul. "I will wear new moccasins at the wedding, and dance until my feet go through the leather. I know that thou wilt surely grow into a nice little woman for him, and a rich one with all the money from the black fox."

But Ahteck looked persistently through the door, gazing away over the snows that stretched upon the opposite bank of the stream, pretending to hear nothing of this talk. It was a quaint idea on the part of the child, something that should merely have amused an ordinary man and caused him to smile. But to him it merely served to bring again the obsessing ideas that he could never aspire to the happiness other men obtained and that if he ever allowed himself to be overcome by love for a woman she would doubtless serve the evil powers as a means to strike at him through the loved one.

"There is another thing to say," added Paul, after a moment's thought. "Ahteck will work very hard and so will I. We will do our best. But we must be sure that we are right. We will put all the pelts from Jean's line to one side, after this, and when we go back to Pointe Bleue we will go to Father Laroux and tell him of our agreement. If he says it is all right and fair to this child we will be pleased, and if he thinks that Mititesh is not having enough we will do whatever he says."

Ahteck nodded in assent. It was a very good idea. Every one at the reservation submitted knotty points to the good priest, and no one would have dreamed of disputing his decisions. But Mititesh came up to them.

"It is as you wish," she said. "I know that in the whole world there are not two other men as good as you."

From this time and on to the breaking up of the ice and the clearing of the lakes and rivers, the three worked as the beavers do when they make or repair their dams, or when the time comes to make provision of the branches of poplar for the winter's food.

To be continued.

The Point of Saturation

Continued from page 151.

honest dish. She had become inured to the complaints. She knew she gave the most that could be given for the money; and when clients are reduced to the twenty-five-francs-weekly pension level, the most well-merited complaints have no authoritative ring. I have spent my life in boarding houses, and take little notice of anything as long as the bill stays within my means. But Mrs. Blythe, with her silk stockings and French shoes and diamonds, seemed more cryingly anomalous here than in the Darrells' modest cottage.

I did not bestow my presence on the company that assembled nightly in the stuffy, over-ornamented parlor, and even curiosity could not keep me in to see if she did. I left the table for my evening stroll before the company dispersed. I am a man of habits.

But a higher power than habit had arranged our meeting. I was leaning on the low stone wall at San Miniato, gazing down on the olives and the bewildering array of spires and towers and lights, a shimmer of silver in the moonlight, when I perceived a veiled figure hurrying through the inky gateway. Then the sound of men's voices caused me to look round, and I saw Mrs. Blythe. I stepped up, therefore, from no volition of my own, and raised my hat, using the Darrells' name as introduction. The flash of relief was mixed with recognition. We turned and walked at a dignified pace along the terrace, leaving the young officers to retreat as best they could.

It seemed obvious to remark her

husband was not with her; she hesitated before she disclosed the news that he was in the Rockies. I knew by her voice that I had cut her on the raw. But she had not gained reticence. An hour after, we were still leaning on the wall.

She could not stay anywhere; she was traveling from place to place, choosing the quietest *pensions* in big cities because there was less chance of meeting people who knew them both.

I apologized for my presence, unnecessarily. She said she did not mean people like me—I did not talk! Dear, dear, how she had been hit! Yet I felt it was healthier for her to be writhing with her vanity cast down in a sort of flood, than keeping the fountain playing, knowing there was no real current feeding it. She was ravaged now, but she was honest in her wretchedness.

Of course she saw herself as one of the world's martyrs. There she had given her great woman's love, all of it, to some one who did not care. He did not seem able to care. He could not love. There was no one else she had to fear, because he was incapable of feeling anything for anyone. What little he did feel, had been given to her. But he was a classic image and so the hunger and the longing to help him and mother him and love him had to turn within herself, to devour——

She was undeniably suffering. I do not think I have ever met anybody so wholly sorry for herself. And all the time she spoke, I thought of Calvert Blythe, and I wondered that he considered the Rockies sufficiently remote. I should not have felt comfortable myself at the extreme tip of the North Pole. The whole force of woman seemed to reach out from her and clutch at that unfortunate man.

Then I found she was crying to me to help her; because if something did not happen soon—soon—she could not live.

I trust I have quoted enough of what passed to show we had left the conventional trammels of a casual conversation far behind. The fright she had received before I came up, added to the dissolving influence of Italian moonlight, had burst the never very substantial bonds of her first silence. After three months' wanderings with no one but her maid to talk to, she was, so to speak, pent up.

I think I have said before that through all my accurate diagnosis of the quality of her trouble I had kept a distinct liking for Mrs. Blythe. As she trembled and panted and let herself go to the full limit of superlative emotionalism, I could not help feeling there was a faint spark of something real in what she called her LOVE.

She *would* have gone to the stake for

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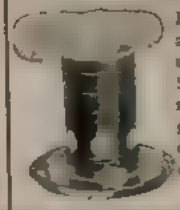

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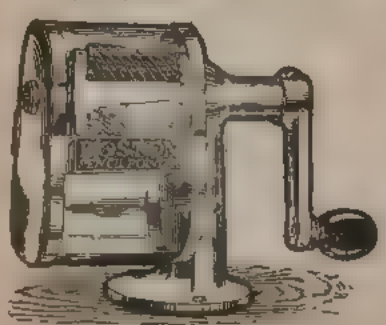

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him; she would have done anything, if it had been sufficiently colossal and dramatic. What she could not do for anyone was to leave him alone. She had made a mistake common to many large-hearted, wide-sympathied women—she confused her province with the Deity's.

A man wants a human being beside him, who is there when he wants some one, but who will let him alone when he wants to be alone. Aurelia wanted to be omnipresent, omnicsient and omnipotent. Hence her impositions and pretensions had come toppling down with a proportionate exposure of their impotence.

It seemed a plain if hateful duty to give Mrs. Blythe an unbiased point of view. Squirm as she might, she had not really let go one shred of all the vanity. She had only changed its color of success into self-pity.

"My dear," said I (I am a grey-haired old professor), "you smothered him."

"Mothered him," said Mrs. Blythe, wide-eyed. "Oh, perhaps I did! Yes, I do feel like a mother to him. I feel every possible sort of love that can be——"

"Smothered," said I, very clearly. "It's not unlike the other feeling, pushed to a conclusion. Every man has to have a little corner of his soul which he can possess alone; he has an hourly reckoning which he alone can make to his Creator; he has an inward light or voice which guides him, which he alone can see and hear. You could not get in between your husband and his Maker, Mrs. Blythe, and you never will."

"Don't you believe in love, then?" gasped Mrs. Blythe.

"Yes, I do," said I, for though I do not go in for creeds, I have some sort of a faith tucked behind the knowledge of this world. "But where do you think love comes from?"

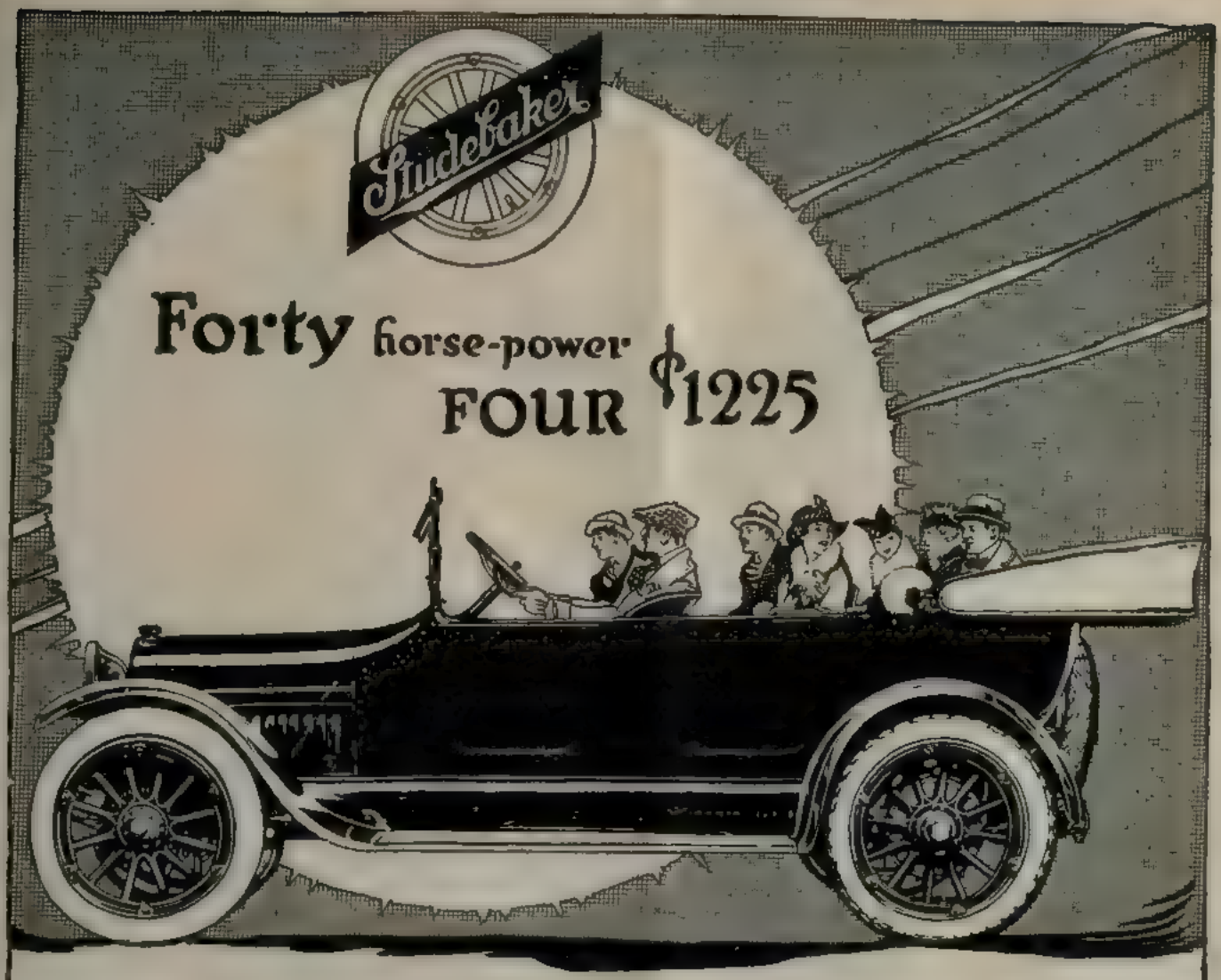
"Mine comes from me!" said Aurelia Blythe, with the fountain spurting up miles high.

"And where do you come from?" said I.

"Calvert," said Mrs. Blythe in a sort of gasp. "And I want to get back to him."

All very well in supreme moments to rise to a supreme consciousness of unity; all very well to live in the happy quiet knowledge of being of one mind in most things, all the important ones at all events; but when Mrs. Blythe threw out her arms and cried, it was as if some overmastering parasite exclaimed, "Mine! Mine!"

It is one person's work to live his life. Calvert had not the responsibility of supplying life for her. She had been in the world for some twenty odd years before she had known of him. How



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then, could she claim him as her reason for existence?

The more one studied the claim she was making, the more clearly one saw she was asserting her right of feeding on a stubbornly-resisting victim. She complained of his lack of mental sympathy as if she received her ideas from him, instead of from the source of her existence.

If Calvert would not let her into all his ideas, apparently she had to starve. She had no thoughts of her own. She was cut off from her rightful supply of thoughts. She was cruelly denied the right of thinking.

She drew an ideal picture of a sort of tap root, plunged deep into Calvert's heart and mind and soul, forever gormandizing spiritually, intellectually; and then talked of her attitude as one of sublime self-effacement. She said she only wanted to live for him, but she confused the preposition "for" with "on"—a trivial mistake but a profound one.

I laid my view of the proposition before Aurelia. At first she fought, refusing to admit initial premise or deductions. But I stuck to it. She had come up against a stronger force than magnetism, that of truth. She wriggled and cried but, in the end, she saw. Then I looked on a poor battered thing from which no glittering rush of anything proceeded; and oddly enough, the child looked up at me, a real child this time, who held on to the wall, and asked what it was to do. She was scared, looking as if her world had toppled into fragments and she did not know what to hold to lest it should give way.

"Oh, poor Calvert!" said she. "I didn't know. Oh, am I like that to everyone?"

The wonderful herself had gone, and her world was void and she had lost her bearings.

I talked the usual moralities. She quoted, rather unexpectedly, a verse which showed she understood what I was driving at.

"Every wise woman buildeth her own house: but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands," said she. "That's what I've done. Plucked it down."

She could not get away from "I."

I gave her some more plain speaking, rather desperately. How could one hope to change a nature which had been turned inward from babyhood, worshiping itself.

From fragments she let drop, I visualized the lonely childhood, starved of natural activity and fed with dreams in which she (of course) played heroine, then the romantic marriage and unlimited audiences and materials for romances.

I was sorry for the child that stood there asking what it was to do. How should I know? One does not learn how to heal lives in universities.

The particular one I taught at could not defer the opening of its classes until I had settled Mrs. Blythe's affairs. I had to go on the morrow.

We had not exchanged addresses. At breakfast, we both sat stiff in our respective places, and were mutually relieved, I fancy, not to say good-by. She was out when I drove off. Funnily enough, she went out of my mind from this time; it was as if a problem that had bothered had been solved. Anyhow, my part in the solution had been done.

When, two or three years later, I returned again to Italy, this time on a brief Easter trip, I approached the Pension Symthe without a thought of her.

I noticed the place was painted up, the hall was white and cool; the stairs fresh laid with matting. I glanced into the stuffy English-seaside parlor and beheld a restful room with big hospitable chairs, and new reviews and pleasant decorations which included flowers and barred the usual ornaments.

When Miss Smythe trotted down the passage, I saw she was spring cleaned, too. She received me with the repose of one who is successful, commented upon the changes, which she dismissed, I thought, a little curiously, merely saying she had now a partner but the business was still hers. It seemed to me she was slightly insistent on the latter fact.

The meals were up to the new standard; even a different type of boarder seemed to have appeared. The atmosphere was not congenial to genteel grasping. The people were more homely; perhaps the surroundings brought out their pleasant qualities.

I diagnosed the partner to be the shrewd-faced woman who sat opposite Miss Smythe and said good morning with extra geniality. Two days after the early sun awoke me so persistently that I had to leave my bed and sally forth. Florence was awake and full of flowers. I found myself close to the market square. As I paused to feast my eye upon the blaze of color set jewelwise midst the houses still in shadow, I ran against some one with a basket, and found I was apologizing to Mrs. Blythe.

Was it sunshine, or the unexpected nature of our meeting that had set the light into her eyes and rounded out her cheeks again? I looked once more and found Mrs. Blythe was smiling in a friendly way and knew me. Dear me! How that third picture stays! A pleasant picture of a woman in a simple gown, short-skirted and white collared and yet oddly graceful.

I held the basket while she marketed, in proficient Italian and with a knowledge of values that suppressed miscalculations. When we turned up the narrow street I had realized that the surging force had turned into a deep channel and was being utilized. Inquiries followed.

Mrs. Blythe's eyes opened rather wide. Did I not remember this had been my plan ?

As I stared, mute with astonishment, she reminded me of that far-off evening at San Miniato.

"You said, 'do something for somebody else,'" said she. "And when I said who, you said, 'Begin where you are. Think of the wretched little woman who runs your boarding house. She's got far bigger worries than you !' I saw her the first thing the next morning and found she was on the verge of bankruptcy. Some angel must have guided us.. I stayed on from day to day. There was so much to do when one began. And there was no reason why I should go. Besides, in a little while, when I'd wakened up a little more, I saw more things that needed setting right. By that time, she was glad to take me into partnership. I'm the working member of the firm and do not appear."

Mrs. Blythe glanced for a second at her sunbrowned hands—bereft of rings.

"And Mr. Blythe ?" said I, irresistibly.

"I haven't heard from him for a long time," said Mrs. Blythe in a steady voice. And I saw her eyes sought a passing fruittere's with no ulterior motive than to scan a mound of lemons.

"You see, I'm self-supporting now," she added. "It's a sensation that is still fresh enough to be consciously enjoyable. How long are you staying ?"

Longer than I intended. An epidemic kept the college closed, and extended my leave in convenient fashion. Thus I was still at the Pension Smythe when Aurelia heard. She accosted me in the hall one morning after breakfast, looking a little like her old self; that is, her eyes shone humidly and her lip trembled.

"Calvert's coming, to-night," said she. "I saw his writing on Miss Smythe's desk. She does not know; nor does he. I mean, he doesn't know I'm here. Funny that he should come here—he is the last person to meet at a *pension* of this kind."

"Now, I should have said he was a man of refined taste," said I. I had discovered she liked me to say things about him.

"Exactly," said she. "He used to be foolishly exclusive."

"And the fame of the *pension* has reached him," said I. "Don't you realize what you've done ?"

"It's simple and clean. . . and cheap

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Our chief chemists, years ago, came to us and said :

"I have found a way to wipe out corns forever."

We doubted it, as you do. But he had studied corns 25 years, so we tested his invention.

We supplied it to doctors, to hospitals, to experts on corns. One application ended 91 per cent. of the corns. All the rest disappeared after two or three applications.

So we adopted his discovery, and called the treatment Blue-jay.

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Canada Monthly Agency - Toronto, Ont.

"Find the Idea of a Tire's Origin and You Will Have Some Idea of Why It Succeeds"—Handy Andy.

The traction engine was made to grip.

So was Dunlop Traction Tread.

Nothing has yet taken the place of the traction engine for long, continuous service.

We don't think any other tire will ever take the place of Dunlop Traction Tread for the same function.

In a certain sense Dunlop Traction Tread is larger than Canada. "Traction's" fame is limitless. Near imitations are to be found in nearly every country where automobiling is in vogue Men have written from various portions of the world seeking the agency for their territory. "Traction" holds the only transcontinental tire record ever made in Canada It has never been known to fail as a skid-resister. It has made it possible for punctures to be a forgotten evil. It has driven out the dust nuisance. It has made automobiling by women more general. It has given men all over the country a new idea of mileage. In short, Dunlop Traction Tread, since its introduction in 1911, has popularized motoring and, for the first time in the history of the motor car, has made Safety a Certainty.

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HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORIES: TORONTO.

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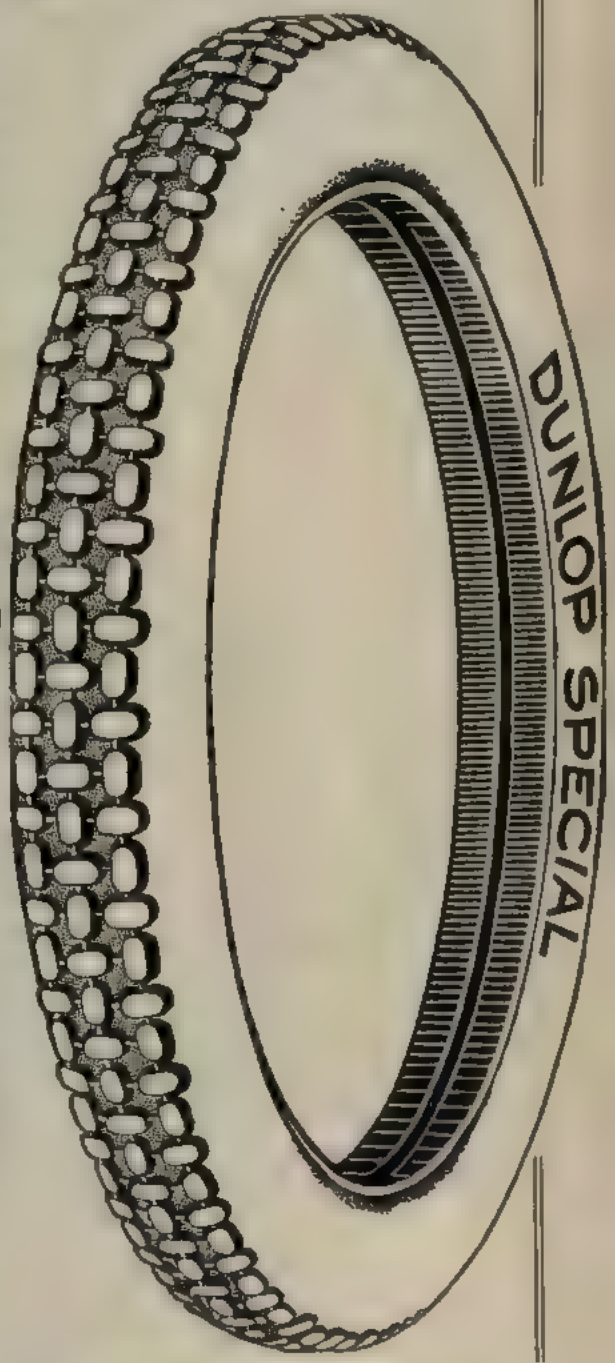
No matter what other tire makers may do for the betterment of their product, a close examination generally reveals the fact that we have been offering similar or greater virtues in our product for a long time previous. That is simply because we are the pioneers of the industry in Canada. If anybody should know tire-making from A to Z, we should. We have been manufacturing tires in Canada for nearly a quarter of a century—to be exact, twenty-two years.

No other tire company has been making tires in Canada for half that length of time.



Twenty-two years' experience means that into Dunlop Traction Tread, and into Dunlop Special, we put all the knowledge which has been accumulated through those years of successfully serving Canadians because we thoroughly understand Canadian conditions. It means that years ago we faced and mastered the issues with which other tire-makers are confronted to-day. True, a few tire users occasionally swing their allegiance from Dunlop to some other make, but it is almost a certainty those same tire users will come back to Dunlop Traction Tread or Dunlop Special. In the end, it is the Tire maintaining the best quality average which wins out, and we surely know more about Quality averages in Canada than any other maker, seeing our experience is as great as that of all other tire makers in this country combined.

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that's all," said she, with a faint shrug of her shoulders. "I can't see Calvert sitting down to dinner with them all, still, I shan't have to."

She smiled faintly as she went upstairs.

I went off for the day. I seemed to need big spaces, and the hills around Florence give one that. Sullen clouds were hanging on the mountains; when I returned the town was gray and the Arno, swollen muddy yellow, foamed and churned beneath the bridges.

I was glad to get inside the *pension* even though its quiet atmosphere was troubled by the prescience of something coming. We were all seated when the new arrival came. He sat some way down the table, opposite, just as blank as ever. His vacation did not seem to have rested him. I did not want to speak but he recognized me, and after dinner contact was inevitable.

He was passing through for one night only.

His eyes traveled round the harmony of gray and white and fawn which comprised the background of the bowls and pots of flowers, and he added that he rather wished he had known of this *penston* sooner.

"I feel I could almost live here," he volunteered.

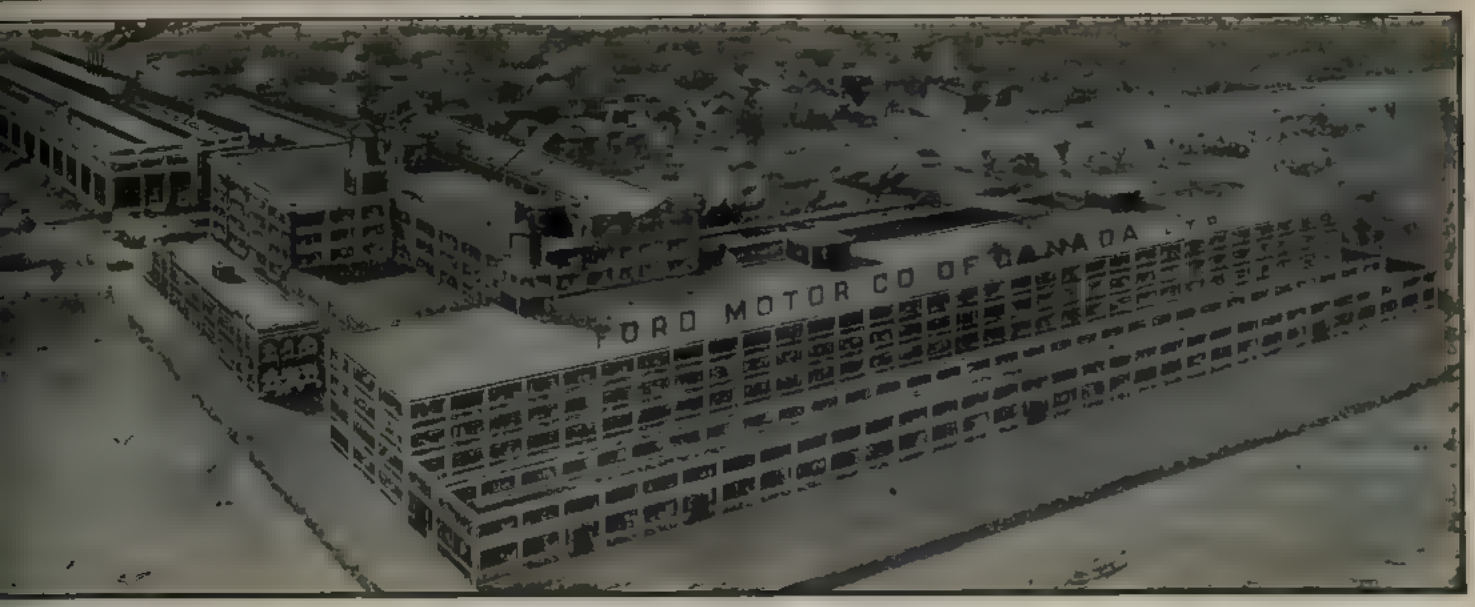
His gray eyes were set deep beneath level brows; I realized a face was evidence of certain qualities. It occurred to me that a very simple straightforward, honest soul would feel blank beside the old Aurelia. If truth was a matter of course in daily living and thinking, one would not understand perpetual drama.

To this day I cannot explain why I persuaded him to visit the market in the early morning. I heard myself as in a dream singing the praises of the flower stalls and the market women and the exquisite surroundings. He seemed surprised at my enthusiasm. Eventually I felt a spark was wakened. I went to bed early, but could not sleep. I knew I was a fool. Mrs. Blythe had not looked unhappy—I should have known if she had been. And yet here I was lying awake like a green girl, nervous, fevered, even while I told myself their fate was not in my hands.

There was something unusually wistful about him, though. I had always liked him, I remembered.

How it was I overslept I cannot say; just before I had intended getting up I must have fallen into a sound sleep for I woke to hear a muffled sound which resolved itself into the gong. Brilliant sun; the scent of coffee; breakfast!

When I got down, the room was empty save for—the Blythes, both of them, sitting at the end of the long table with an indescribable air of in-



The Wagon Shop That Became the Largest Automobile Factory in the British Empire

In 1903, the town of Walkerville, Ontario, was possessed of a concern called the ville Wagon Company.

one day when business was not rushing, the general manager, Gordon M. or, wished to take a little stroll, he could walk around his shop in about 2 minutes actory clock.

dy would have believed at that time that this shop would, in a few years, develop largest plant of its kind in the Empire having a floor acreage of over 435,000 square making 3 times as many cars as any other automobile factory in the British Empire, it has come to pass.

ugh the efforts of Mr. McGregor and his Canadian associates, this wagon shop has ed into the great Ford plant at Ford City, Ont.

factory today is one of the industrial show places of Canada.

are the highest paid automobile mechanics in the Empire who put their best into ding of a car that has won its way into the confidence of the Canadian public.

are hundreds of machines designed by Ford engineers, which are marvels of the d world

of them would do the work of an ordinary sized automobile company in a week or because of the demand for Ford cars they are kept busy the year round.

a new Canadian Ford Car is born every three and one-half minutes.

workmen are busily engaged in making additions so that the production of cars pace with the demand. There never has been a time since war began when gangs re not at work expanding the plant, literally building for the future.

in at the power plant and you will see two monster 650 horse-power gas engines. ntrast to the early days when the factory power was derived from the hind wheel le! "C" car!

e immense heat treatment plant, Vanadium steel, the most expensive and best of heat treated the Ford way. Here each steel part is especially prepared for the d strain it will have to withstand in the completed car.

achine shop contains many wonderful sights for the visitor. There are long rows xpensive gear cutting machines. And there is the great machine that mills 48 at one time! And another that drills 45 holes at once in a cylinder casting from and bottom. Marvelous speed and equally marvelous accuracy!

there is the handsome office building in which close to 200 workers are employed. re are over 30,000 people dependent on the Canadian Ford Plant for their support.

is plant the Ford car is constructed practically in its entirety—even the steel, as d above, is refined here.

rmore, and here is a record rarely found in other large Canadian factories, all but rth of the material used in the making of the Canadian Ford is bought right here a. Few products can lay claim to being so strictly "Made in Canada" as the Ford

der what this means to Canadian industry when it includes such immense pur- 35,000 tons of steel, 1,500 tons of brass, etc., 120,000 wheels, 200,000 lamps, and other materials in proportion. Practically the entire output of several large Canadian factories employing hundreds of workmen is taken by the Ford plant at Ford City, Ont.

But great as this influence is for the increased prosperity of the Empire, it does not stop there. All over the Empire are Ford Dealers who are important factors in increasing the wealth and prosperity of their communities.

The spirit of faith in the future that has prompted the Ford Canadian Company to proceed with a policy of full-speed ahead in times that have seemed to many to require the use of extraordinary caution and conservatism, is a happy, progressive, enthusiastic spirit that is radiated in every city or town of any size in the whole Dominion and in the Empire over the seas through the Ford Dealer whom you will find there.

Besides this there are the nine branches in Canada and one in Melbourne, Australia, four of which have been rebuilt since war began at a cost of over $1,000,000, that are powerful supports to these dealers in being elements of first importance in adding to the wealth and progress of the nation.

But, phenomenal as the development of the Ford Plant has been, its great success was not attained without its share of great difficulties.

The first three years of its existence were somewhat precarious. The first car was not shipped from the factory until six months after the company was organized. Nowadays, 20,000 cars would have been shipped in that time.

The first main building was a two and a half story brick structure and the entire plant occupied about one acre of ground. The machinery consisted of one solitary drill press.

But from 1910 on the business increased so fast that it was difficult for the plant capacity to keep pace with the sales and additional buildings and equipment were constantly being [illegible]

In 1911 the output was 2,400 cars, in 1912, 6,500 cars were built, and so on up to this year's estimated production of 40,000 cars.

The executives of the Canadian Ford Company make no consideration of the war. They are so thoroughly Canadian in their ideals that they take the prosperity of Canada and the triumph of Britain and her allies as accomplished facts.

No steps have been made in their plans for progress—not the slightest hesitation has been evidenced in developing this great Canadian Plant to its highest degree of efficiency on account of the war.

As evidence of this $652,000 has been spent on new buildings at Ford City—a million dollars has been spent on new equipment—over a million dollars was expended on branches in four Canadian cities—and 900 men have been added to the payroll—all this in a belligerent country during the progress of the greatest war the world has ever seen.

In addition, the price of the Ford car has been reduced $120 since that memorable August 1, 1914.

So then, this is the story of the wagon shop that became the great Canadian Ford Plant. An industry that is proud to say that it builds its product from Canadian material, with Canadian workmen and that backs its Canadian patriotism with its hard cash.

rd Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Ford, Ont.

Ford Runabout	$480
Ford Touring	530
Ford Coupelet	730
Ford Sedan	890
Ford Town Car	780

f. o. b. Ford, Ontario

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All cars completely equipped, including electric headlights. Equipment does not include speedometer.

Turn over a new leaf

Now that the warm days are here leave the heavy, overheating foods for something lighter and easily digested. Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes supply plenty of nourishment to the body to enable it to do its morning's work in comfort. The thin, brown flakes are palatable as well as being quite digestible.

Kellogg's
TOASTED
CORN FLAKES
10¢

136

Prosperity in Canada
$900,000,000
in New Wealth Added in 1915
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Come to Western Canada, now in the height of the greatest wealth-producing era the Dominion has ever known. Free schools and full religious liberty. Good climate. World renowned livestock. Prizes won at International Fairs prove this.

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if you wish. An immense area of the most fertile land in Western Canada for sale at low prices and on easy terms, ranging from $11 to $30 an acre for farm lands with ample rainfall—irrigated lands from $35, and the government guarantees your land and water titles. Balance after first payment extended over nineteen years with interest at 6 per cent. Privilege of paying in full at any time.

$2000 Loan in Improvements. We will lend you up to $2000 in improvements in certain districts with no security other than the land itself. Particulars on request. Twenty years for repayment of loan, with interest at 6 per cent.

Ready-Made Farms for Sale. Farms which we have developed by providing house, barn, well and fencing and in some cases cultivation, for sale. Special easy terms.

$1000 Loan for Livestock. To approved purchasers of land, in defined districts, after one year's occupation under certain conditions we advance cattle, sheep and hogs to farmers up to the value of $1000.

If You Already Have a Farm in Western Canada, here is your opportunity to increase it or to secure your friends as neighbors. For particulars and literature apply to

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Department of Natural Resources
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
20 Ninth Avenue West, Calgary, Alberta

timacy. I was just edging out when Calvert saw me. Then she turned. It seemed they had met at market.

I ate my roll as quickly as possible.

Later, Mrs. Blythe met me on the landing, her arms round a big pile of clean sheets.

"Has your husband gone," said I.

She shook her head with a faint blush.

"I thought he was going this morning," said I purposely, grim as ever.

"We're both going, when we go," said Aurelia, rather incoherently as far as words went. I asked no explanation, so she had to give it.

"He's tired of traveling. He used to be a sculptor before his uncle left him all his money. It's gone, most of it; been mishandled. Fortunately he's paid in my allowance to my banker all this time and that's been accumulating. We're going back to buy a home with it." She paused a minute.

"He said, directly he came in, he felt this was like a home," she murmured.

Oh, dear me! She was as much in love as ever.

"Well," said I. "You may have learned your lesson."

She took a deep breath.

"I think— Oh, I do think—the *pension* has taught me how to let people go away from me," said she, and then turned to me with the smile that was steady now, no flashlight imitation.

"I couldn't bear to let the people go at first," she said. "I talked to everyone and got interested and wanted to help and advise, and then—oh, the wrench, as one after another moved on. Then, of course, they didn't write. And I saw I couldn't keep up with all the people's problems. So I made myself content with giving them what they'd come here for, food and shelter, just a resting place."

"And that's what he wants, is it?" said I.

She looked over the banister. He came up, two steps at a time, not seeing me.

"I've got a carriage," said he, and his voice was that of a man who has full charge of his responsibilities. "You must take a holiday to-day. Put on your hat and bring a wrap."

I caught the faintest gleam of light along her face, as if for a fraction of a second the heavens had opened.

Then she put down the sheets upon the chest.

"Very well. I'll go tell Miss Smythe," said she, and moved away, with her composed swift tread, the keys at her side jingling slightly.

It was his turn to stand still, looking after her, as if he, too, saw a rift where he had only known a gray expanse of mystery.

Kleath's Alibi

Continued from page 139.

their winter's clean-up. Spending real money was a novelty in Dawson and it was done with Florentine extravagance. Pipes were lighted with twenty dollar bills, change was made by boisterously tearing the corner off a note and poker was played with clinking gold pieces instead of pokes of gold or stacks of chips.

And the stage had brought a passenger, too. A small man, whose most distinguishing feature was unusual pallor, who always slid away from the centre of a group so that his back was not exposed to his fellow men—Conrad Haynes did not elicit the same hospitality from Meadows as that generally accorded newcomers from the Outside. Instead, Tim doled out his numerous whiskeys with a grudging hand, as though regretting the waste of so much good stuff, and he accepted payment for them with an eye suspicious of counterfeit.

"That guy's jes' nachelly festerin' with meanness," said the proprietor to himself as he watched Haynes' small white hand close greedily round the glass he shoved across the bar. "I gotta keep my finger on him, sure."

BUT as the evening wore on, and the demands of business, of arbitrator or kicker-out diverted Tim's mind, he lost sight of the stranger. He did not see Duke, usually distrustful of newcomers, exchange a few grudging remarks with Conrad Haynes, and had he done so, he could not possibly have suspected that there followed a recent rapid correspondence between them, in which he, in a measure, was concerned.

Haynes found the room at the rear of the Hall without difficulty. He blew out the lamp, and with an automatic silencer in readiness, he flattened himself against the wall behind the door.

A few minutes passed, then three people entered the room almost simultaneously.

"Why, Joe, *where* is the boy you said was hurt?"

In the thick darkness, Kleath heard Goldie's voice shrill with surprise.

"*Damn you*!" He heard his own, as something struck him from behind, turned the world bright with falling stars, and he stumbled forward to his knees

HE CAME to with the sound of a woman's sobs beating in upon his consciousness. The blackness of the grave still enveloped him—choking—strangling. He was bound hand and foot and the cords cut deep.

"Who's there?"

"Chris! Oh, Chris—I thought they had killed you! Are you much hurt?"

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FOR COFFEE
" COOKING
" SALADS
" DRESSINGS
" CREAM OF SOUPS

"Canada First" Milk

EVAPORATED (Unsweetened) CONDENSED (Sweetened)

¶ With a few tins of this pure, non-perishable milk on hand you are prepared for any emergency.

¶ For Infant's Food, "Canada First" receives the highest endorsement of physicians. It is sterilized and produced under ideally clean conditions.

BAKED MACARONI

½ cup "Canada First" Evaporated (unsweetened) Milk
½ cup water
Salt and pepper
½ lb. Macaroni
Bits of cheese and butter

Break Macaroni in a saucepan, cover with salted boiling water and cook until tender, drain and put a layer in the bottom of a baking dish, spread with bits of cheese and butter, dredge with salt and pepper, repeat until dish is full. Pour over the milk diluted in one-half cup of water and bake twenty minutes. Serve in the dish in which it is cooked.

KEEP A FEW TINS ON HAND
——ASK YOUR GROCER——
DON'T TAKE A SUBSTITUTE

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"Silver Gloss" has been doing perfect starching in Canadian homes for nearly 60 years. In one pound packages and six pound fancy enamelled tins.
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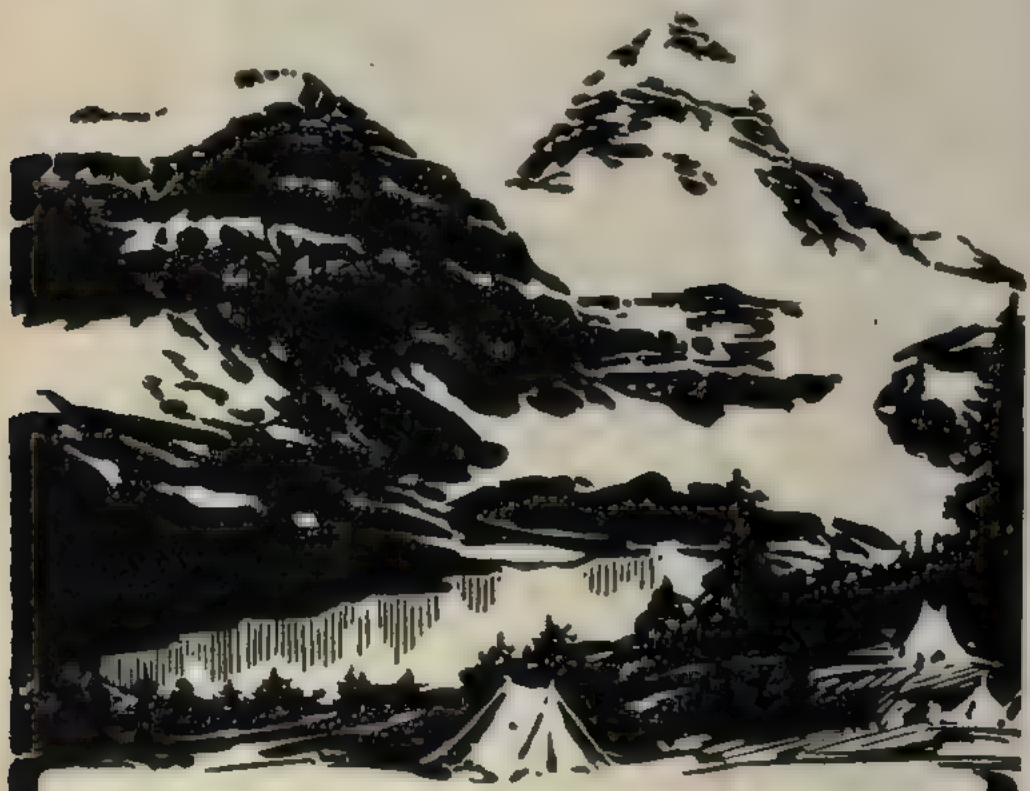
Laundry Starch
Makers of "Crown Brand" and "Lily White" Corn Syrup, and Benson's Corn Starch.



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MONTREAL.
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"No," he lied. "Can you unbind me?"

"I'm tied, myself," Goldie moaned. "And oh, the cords hurt so!"

Through the Stygian black, he saw flecks of crimson and he cursed below his breath.

"Can you put your hands against my teeth?" he asked her.

She was not bound very carefully. Indeed, as Kleath worked at the knots, he began to suspect that Duke had not intended to keep his prisoners helpless for any length of time. Why?

Goldie free, it was but the work of a moment to cut Kleath's cords. She pulled them from the flesh into which they had eaten with a woman's shrinking, sick at the thought of the oozing wounds she could feel, but could not see.

"Come," he said, staggering to his feet, "let's get out of this. I have a score to pay. Where is the door—I'm a bit twisted."

"Get out?" she laughed, hysterically. "We can't get out, Chris. We're locked in the upstairs room of the old deserted roadhouse, ten miles from home. Crazy Larry McQuinn and Joe put us through the window while you were unconscious and I was gagged, and into a hack. Larry and that awful strange man drove us here and locked us in—ever so many locks. We can't get out!"

She fluttered into his arms from the darkness and sobbed against his breast. He bent his lips toward her. . .

"Joe said he was sending us to Paradise," she told him. "What did he mean, Chris.? Is he coming back to kill us?"

With a jerk Kleath straightened. He put Goldie almost roughly from him, felt his way to the wall and leaned there breathing in uneven gasps. "*Sending them into Paradise.*"

"Chris?" cried the girl in sudden terror. "Where are you?"

"Don't touch me again," he warned her. "Let me think!"

DUKE had not tried to rob them; he had attempted no violence to Goldie as Kleath had feared when he followed her from the Dance Hall and into the little rear room. He had sent them to a deserted roadhouse and locked them in. But why? So unusual a deed must have an unusual explanation. Duke was not the man to brave Tim Meadows' livid rage and Kleath's cold anger without a reason. A thousand questions crowded into his aching head to torture him. But no answers gave him relief.

The few matches his pockets contained revealed the fact that there was nothing in the bare room with which to make a light, that its one window was boarded with a piece of solid wood, and that even could he break it, there was

no means by which Goldie could be lowered to the ground. The massive door was fastened with three new locks, and guided by his sense of touch, upon these Kleath set doggedly to work. A small file, a penknife and some hair pins were the only tools at his command.

The Alaskan night wore slowly on. In the deserted roadhouse there was silence save for the rasp of scraping steel and the sound of a man's heavy breathing. On the opposite side of the room Goldie slept. Physical and emotional exhaustion coupled with a sense of security had brought her peace; she even smiled in her sleep, subconsciously relying on the man she loved to smooth all her troubles away.

Kleath did not smile; his face was set and grim as he wrestled with the Demons of the Past. That dark spot, that foul blight which had laid corroding fingers on his life, mocked him now as he worked in the suffocating blackness and thought of Goldie. It seemed to Kleath like the ball on a convict's foot—borne unconsciously for a space only to make its dragging, tugging presence felt when the prisoner most wanted relief.

Duke had said he was sending them into Paradise. . . . .

"Into Hell," muttered Kleath, wiping the moisture from his forehead and his hands.

Bit by bit the steel gave way and as a pink dawn streaked the sky, he flung back the heavy door upon its rusty hinges and stumbled into the divine hush of a spring morning.

HE knew the code of the Yukon, where Love and Life are cheap, but where the name of a good woman is held dearer than the gold out in the Creeks; he knew that either he or Joe Duke must die, and that by every law of God or man it ought to be Joe Duke, and yet that simple code of loves and hates would then decree that he, Kleath, should marry Goldie Meadows. Tim Meadows would kill him if he didn't. Tim Meadows would kill him if he did.

He could not marry Goldie.

All of Dawson might forgive and exonerate them, but none of Dawson would believe their innocence. The men of the Yukon were not models of restraint, especially with a good reason to purge their acts of infamy. Goldie's name would wear a smudge across it.

For all Dawson would soon know. Those were not the days of silence and subtle chivalry.

A man stood up before witnesses and called his companion a liar, cheat or coward, and the crowd constituted itself a tribunal which sat in judgment on the case. That would be Tim Meadows' way.

He turned back into the house and

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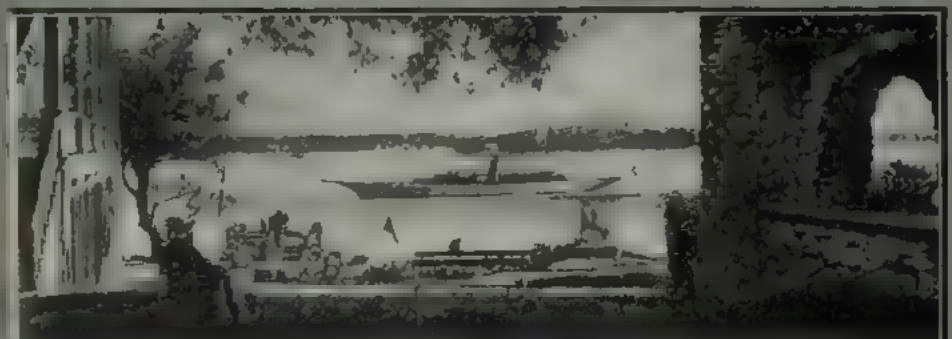

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stood on the threshold of the room in which Goldie slept. He called her and preceded her into the open. He kept his hands tight-clenched behind him, and looked at her with blood-shot eyes.

"You've got to hurry back to Dawson," he said, shortly. "It's just possible we have not been missed. You had best go alone. If your father wants to know where you've been, tell him. Between us we'll settle Duke unless he's skipped. But don't you breathe a word to another soul, and as for me, listen—"

He made an oath to her, awful in its solemnity, binding him to secrecy, no matter how great the pressure to speak She stood quite still, hardly credulous of her hearing. That was not the Yukon way; those were not the words she expected him to utter. Let him tell—let him bring Joe Duke and his confederates to justice—then let him "do the right thing by her" as many a man had done in the Yukon's past, and thus clear scandal's slate of marks against her!

Scalding tears of outraged pride and anger blinded her. Last night she thought he loved her. She turned from him and walked rapidly off in the direction of the town. Kleath watched her go, understanding much that was in her thoughts, and when a curve in the road hid her from his sight, he picked up a huge stone and hurled it with all his force against the boarded window of his Paradise.

GOLDIE reached her home without adventure. She met no one save a haggard woman, whose startling pallor reminded her of Conrad Haynes. She shuddered, quickened her pace to a run and reaching the cabin, rushed through the door which was devoid of key and leaned against it quivering. The woman passed, walking as though her feet were sore. Her boots were new and creaked loudly in the stillness of the early morning.

Goldie tiptoed to her father's room. It was empty.

The circumstance was not unusual. Tim Meadows frequently on a busy night, dropped in his tracks at the San Domingo and lay amongst the drunken revellers, sleeping as soundly as the drunkest of them. If such was the case, he probably had not missed her but the uncertainty was horrible; she could not rest without knowing. So presently when Dawson yawned and stretched itself, she hurried to the Hall. There, in a small, unfurnished room lay her father on a bed of borrowed coats, and he was tended by Diamond Tooth Lizzie.

"Olie Colson done it," she said, succinctly, pointing to the swathe of bandages which entirely concealed Meadows' face. "Mistook him fer Jud Cheney

nd walloped him a good one with a ottle. Gawd, I never seen so much lood! Ran like the gutters in a stock ard. Everyone was fightin'. . . . Tim, he ain't unconscious now; he's doped. Nobody could keep him still when he come to, he was ragin' that bad with fury, so Doc he give him some nockout drops to keep him still till the ut begins to heal. We would 'a told ou," Lizzie went on, "only when we ad time to think about it, there wasn't o light in the cabin, and we thought it vuz a sin to wake you. But now you'd est set here a spell, whilst I pound my am."

T was nearly noon when Kleath returned to Dawson. Knots of people were gathered on the streets and a sense f the unusual pervaded the atmosphere. Conversation ceased as he drew near and whispering followed him He ground his teeth, thinking they knew

"*Here* he is," cried Weatherby, as though some one had argued against his return. "Where have you been, Kleath?"

"What's it to you?"

A murmur ran round the group which had collected.

"Answer my question, first. Where have you been all night?"

"I don't intend to tell you."

"Then I arrest you in the name of the King and warn you that every word you say may be used against you."

Walt Hartley, the North West Mounted Policeman stepped forward and laid his hand on Kleath's shoulder.

The latter stared.

"What for?"

"Pickin' the safe an' robbin' the Bank of two hundred thousand dollars!"

"Prove an alibi, Kleath! We know you didn't pull this off! Don't get pinched for another's [illegible] Many [illegible] bystanders. But Kleath was silent.

On him were found a pen knife, a small file and several queerly-twisted pieces of wire. Suspicion flared in the minds of his friends, and Duke's scheme became clear to him.

"I am innocent," he said, but that was all

THERE was no such thing as languishing in jail in the Yukon. Justice was meted out swiftly and with decision Kleath was arrested at noon; his trial was set for the following morning Goldie heard of his arrest at night, as she sat by her delirious father. Had she been a woman of larger experience, she would have left her vigil and hastened to clear the man, who by his chivalry toward her was condemning himself falsely. But Goldie was not a woman of the world. She saw only the fact that Kleath stood between two dangers—imprisonment for a crime he

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had not committed, and possible death for a real crime according to the primitive standards of the Yukon. He had compromised her, albeit unwillingly, and tacitly refused to "do the right thing by her." Men had been shot for less.

Her father's ravings helped to terrify her into silence. His threats made her flesh creep, paralyzed her reason, curdled her blood, and they were directed not against Olie Colson but against Bill Scott, the miner who in his drunken bestiality had frightened her two years before. The violence done Tim Meadows' person seemed to have made no impression upon him;—the attempted assault upon his daughter turned him Berserker, and Goldie grew faint as she fancied Kleath's neck beneath that pair of huge hairy hands which twisted and wrung an imaginery body in their grip.

Into the court room crowded every able-bodied resident of Dawson and the vicinity. The jury, unlike other things in those highly-colored, extravagant days, was a skimpy affair, consisting of but six men. There was a prosecuting attorney. Kleath put up no defence.

Witnesses there were in abundance. A dozen miners could testify to the opening of the San Domingo safe; as many more had seen the accused at the San Domingo early on the night of the robbery, and none had seen him late. He had not been to his room. Evidence was conclusive that after picking the safe he had gone forth to bury his booty.

Once more Kleath was asked to tell how he came by the incriminating tools found on his person; once more he was asked to tell where he spent the night of the robbery. And once more he protested his innocence but refused to say anything further. A murmur like a growl ran through the room.

The judge summed up the case, turned to the jury and adjured them to be swayed neither by sentiment or passion. They left the court room for five minutes and returned, having found the prisoner guilty.

"Fools!"

A woman's voice split the silence like a sharp report. "You are condemning an innocent man!"

Immediately the room was in an uproar. Harkness, the clerk, beat his gavel on the bench and made yapping grimaces with his large mouth. No one knew he was calling the court to order. No one cared. Kleath sprang to his feet gazing down at the frantic mob with horror written across his face. Duke rested his hand on his hip and wriggled toward the window. Haynes, his back against the wall, glared at the frenzied scene with burning eyes, like an animal at bay.

Smearing loose-hanging lips across the cover of The Book, the woman took the witness stand. She did not look at the prisoner but swept the room with a glance from which two men quailed.

"My name is Nell Kleath," she said. "I am Chris Kleath's wife, just out of the Pen— two years before my time for good conduct."

She stopped and looked challengingly toward the spot where Duke stood The stillness was oppressive; men who had seats sat far forward on them; those who had not, thrust out their necks and crooked horny hands behind their ears. Humanity's heavy odor pulsed over all

"Eight years ago they pinched us— Cully Conrad and me. Caught red-handed, on the job. Gentleman Joe helped send us up—saved his own hide, the skunk." She cursed like a man. "Chris worked in a safe factory That's why I married him—partly. It was easy to find out from him where the safes were sold, and then Cully and I ripped 'em. Chris never knew till we were pinched. Joe was handy in distributing the green. He always got away with it."

Her voice trailed off in a guttural whisper, and she asked for a drink.

"Haven't talked so much for quite a while," she said, grimly.

"Chris was good to me Sent me money all the time and made plans to give me another start when my time was up. He might 'a divorced me but he was too decent. Thought the Yukon 'd be a good safe place to put me straight, so it seemed a queer thing that I should walk right into the old bunch out here. They knew Chris, but he didn't know them. He didn't know I was coming out so soon, either."

She turned her back on the judge and talked out into the room. "I walked most of the way . . had some money but it did n't last long. I was always so thirsty. . . There's a house down the road where I crawled to rest, a couple of days ago. Hadn't been there long, when in comes Gentleman Joe and puts three new locks on a door upstairs. I lay low and do some thinking. Didn't look right to be locking up a deserted roadhouse, somehow Next, along comes Cully Conrad, close-cropped and white-looking, like me He's riding on the stage and disappears into Dawson. I keep out of sight and wait. Not long. . . The other night—" she passed her hand across her head—"out comes a closed rig and drives up to the door. Cully and a big fellow drag a doped man upstairs and dump him on the floor. Then they carry in a woman. Lock them in and drive like Hell back to town. I could have picked the locks, if I'd liked—but I didn't. Eight years in uniform don't increase your human kindness." .

"Go on," commanded the judge.

"In the morning I got a look at 'em The man was Chris Kleath. . . Duke and Cully Conrad pulled that Bank

trick." . . . She flung her hands above her head and screamed. On her breast a crimson spot appeared and spread. "One of 'em pinked me," she gurgled, sinking slowly to the floor.

Duke had used his automatic silencer, shooting from his pocket. He dropped from the window and started to run. Then amid a roar which sounded like the voices of hungry beasts, the air around him filled with bits of whistling lead. . . .

THE day which has no night shimmered over Dawson. Although hilarity was at its zenith in the San Domingo Tim Meadows sat outside the Hall, a newspaper in his hand. Its most interesting item was a marriage notice and this he had read until he knew it by heart.

He blew his nose loudly, and brought the front feet of his chair to the ground with a thud.

"Gosh, it's lonely without Goldie!" he muttered, rising. "But I ain't goin' to complain. Her and Chris is better where they are—Dawson's no place fer a woman."

Lumber for the World

Continued from page 142.

chine," a marvelous invention which combines the work of several donkeys, and the locomotive.

The tidewater sawmill shown is representative of many to be found in and near Vancouver and Victoria, the average daily capacity of sawn lumber being 100,000 feet, the raw material, in the shape of the logs received from the camps up the coast being hauled out of the water to the saws, and the finished articles being loaded on to cars for the prairie, and Eastern Canada, and possibly at the same time into ships alongside the mill receiving cargo for China, the Cape, or Australia as the case may be. As has already been mentioned, the overseas export of lumber, while of appreciable dimensions —in 1915 it amounted to between fifty and sixty million feet—is but a small percentage of that despatched to points within the Dominion, and expansion in that direction at the present time especially, owing to high freights and lack of time, is difficult. It is in the home market that the mills of British Columbia will find the greatest opportunity for expansion at the present time.

AS the farmers of Canada well know, the splendid increase in the harvest of 1915, an increase in production fortunately not confined to the prairie but characteristic of the whole of the Dominion, not only meant greater prosperity in Canada; it meant that the British Empire was able to buy within its borders much of the breadstuffs and produce necessary to feed that section of its population which was not food-producing, the value of which was thus retained within the empire, to the benefit of the Canadian producers, instead of going outside the Empire. The same thing applies to lumber, large amounts of which have in the past been imported in spite of the fact that with the exception of a few hardwoods, Canada has in its own borders an abundant supply of timber. The purchase of lumber "grown and manufactured in Canada" will render available for the development and maintenance of home industries a large amount of capital which has hitherto been diverted to foreign manufacturers.

Letters of a V. A. D.

Continued from page 145.

who is going to get a D. S. O. at least!"

"Do tell us about him," begged Ethel and no person could have resisted her eager eyes. So he went on.

"There's a part of the German lines about which our generals have been able to get very little information. They've sent scouting monoplanes over again and again, but none of them have ever come back and lately the attempt had not been repeated until about a week ago when fresh rumors of activity in that vicinity came over to our lines. It was very important that something be known of the German positions and what artillery they had, so volunteers were called for to fly over and get some information. An Englishman and a young Canadian volunteered. Both were aviators, but the Canadian said he could sketch rather quickly, so he was told to make some studies of the formation of the enemy's lines while the other managed the machine.

"It was pretty hopeless and—I hadn't come over at the time but they tell me the other chaps hated to see them go up. They, however, laughed as they set out.

"The usual thing happened, word came of the Germans having brought down a scouting monoplane with two men in it. But the next event was not so usual. A poor little, buffeted specimen of a pigeon flew back to one of the cotes next day with a roll of tiny sketches enclosed in a goose quill and fastened into its tail. They showed just what we needed to know about our enemy. The Englishman says that all the time they were firing at them from below the Canadian sketched ceaselessly and only when the 'plane was so injured that they began to volplane down did he hastily attach the quill with the little roll of paper in it, to the pigeon's feathers and set the bird free.

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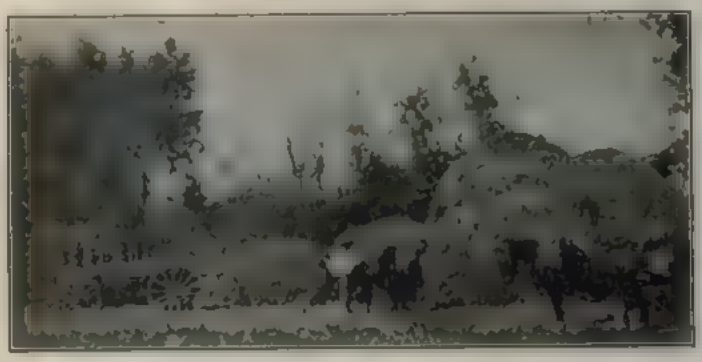

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While they sank to earth they rejoiced to see the pigeon sailing high above the flying missiles and away.

"Neither of the men would have been much hurt if they hadn't struck an inconvenient stock of a tree and been tipped out As it was both had leg injuries which they cleverly allowed to cripple them as much as possible and apparently their captors wasted little medical science on them. Their supposed helplessness and a druknen guard contributed to their escape and both got back to our lines. The Englishman's wound didn't prove serious and he'll be back on duty in a few days, but I'm afraid there is more wrong with the Canadian's leg than we know Your Colonel, however, will soon find out. He probably shouldn't have been on his feet at all and we're keeping him lying down now.

"Who is he? Where is he?" I demanded, recovering from a state of speechlessness.

"Here comes the chap himself!" responded Cyril, hurrying to the companionway where who should come limping up, clinging to the railing with one hand and to a stout walking-stick with the other but—Bobbie!

He looked very white but not an atom subdued and when we spoke of what we had heard he laughed and I, like a blubbering idiot, cried:

"Oh, Bobbie, your poor leg," I said, when I had recovered from my incoherence and Ethel and Cyril had walked tactfully off to the other side of the deck. "However did you walk on it?"

"Well," he said, "I didn't—much. A good deal of the time I crawled. And the other chap helped me a lot."

I couldn't help picturing him scrambling through underbrush and over stones like that and the tears came to my eyes again, and, well I suppose you will be able to guess that Bobbie and I are now engaged. I've been a conceited, critical wretch and I didn't believe Bobbie would ever ask me again when I had misjudged him so, but you see he did.

There was a bone broken in Bobbie's leg, and it will take a long time to knit, after all the strain that was put on it, and the Colonel says he may limp a little always, but we haven't told him that.

And when this horrible war is over, Glad, Bobbie can wear all the flowing ties and eyeglass ribbons and long hair he wants to, and I shall always know that he's the best and bravest man in the world.

Your humbled but happy

ANGELA.

P. S.—I wonder if I'll ever stop being absorbed in my selfish joy to the exclusion of everything else. When I made such a fool of myself on the boat it seems Ethel nearly cried too, out of

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sympathy, and Cyril took her off to the other side of the deck to comfort her and to give Bobby a chance to comfort me, and he must have done it awfully well—I mean Cyril—for Edith going about the hospital with a beatific smile and an appalling absence of mind concerning the duties of a V. A. D. I believe she is supposed to be deciding Cyril's fate but if I had the chance I could put him out of suspense at once.

Oh, my dear, I'm so idiotically happy. It seems wicked at a time like this, but I can't help it.—A.

Who Laughs Last

Continued from page 154.

his past life. Then we could crank up and take him home where his market price would be thirty cents a hundred, dressed.

It was too lovely to resist. I leaned down quietly and shut off the gasoline. Presently the *Peggy* began to hiccough. Then her engine stopped.

"My God!" yelled Jones. "The dam's only a mile away, and she's balked. Crank for your life, Banbury!"

Banbury had been up in front trying in a shaky sort of way to enjoy the scenery. We had worked him forward in order that he might have the pleasure of cranking the *Peggy*. He went as white as flour and jumped for the crank.

"Quick!" yelled Jones, slipping the spark over just enough to make the engine back fire, which she did, throwing Banbury over to the side of the boat with the last charge of gasoline in her. "Try it again," he yelled, throwing off the spark altogether.

That was the beginning of twenty minutes of the keenest bliss I ever enjoyed. We floated lazily down, bobbing about in the short, choppy sea, while Banbury cranked like a crazy man. We tried priming her. We tried changing batteries. We tried cutting out the pump, screwing down the needle valve and spitting on the fly wheel. We tried everything that was of no use to try, and Banbury cranked twenty times for each trial.

Between cranks, Jones and I cussed each other for leaving the oars at home. We moaned about the necessity of swimming out below the dam and hoped the boat wouldn't be damaged when she went over. And all the time Banbury was grunting and moaning and fighting for life. Going over a six-foot waterfall in a motor boat onto the rocks below, with no knowledge of the useful art of swimming, was just as pleasant to him as falling off the roof of a sky scraper. It was one of the most pitiful and most thoroughly satisfying sights I have ever seen.

Every time my conscience jabbed me, I thought of the old women he was so fond of frightening on the streets back at home, and my heart froze up like a water pipe in winter.

The plan was a beautiful success. A quarter of a mile from the dam Banbury was on his knees alternately praying and yelling for help. He had a life preserver on, wrong side up. His two hands were a mass of blisters, for we had allowed him to crank most of the time with the compression on. He was all in, down and out, under foot, off the map. We would never be bothered with him again. All we had to do was to turn on the juice, twirl the fly wheel, and give him a ten-mile laugh on the way home. I let on the gasoline slyly and Jones went up front.

"Let a good man take the crank," he said soothingly as he turned her over.

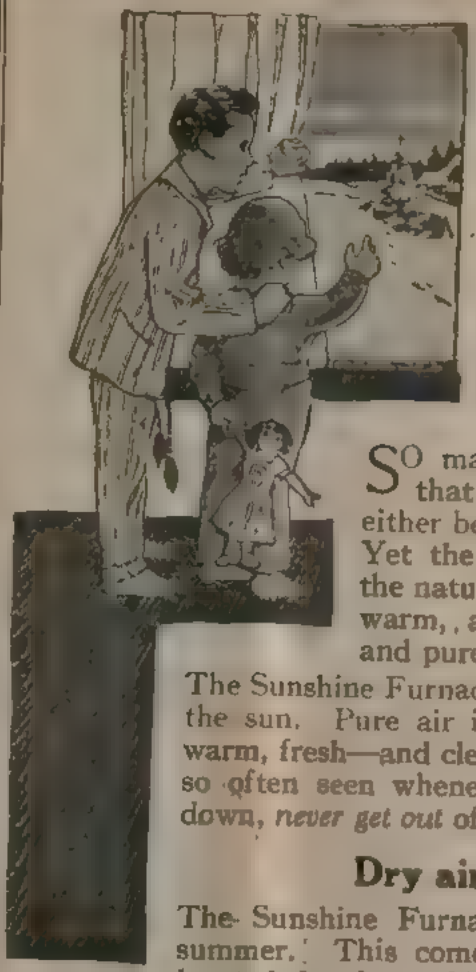
The *Peggy* didn't start.

Jones cranked rapidly about five times. Then he primed the engine, threw on the compression and cranked until he was black in the face. The *Peggy* made a noise like the stone doorstep of the Coliseum!

We could hear the roar of the falls quite plainly now. We had about five minutes to spend cranking the *Peggy*, and her average balk when she lay down on us was an hour!

Right there Jones rose to the emergency. Of course we had no anchor. You never have an anchor in a motor boat. Some chump has always borrowed it. But in less than a minute Jones had disconnected the engine all around. In another minute he had tied the head line around the fly wheel end of the crank shaft. I grabbed one end and he the other. We hoisted it up, and with a mighty heave we dumped that engine overboard. There was a soul-stirring splash, and the *Peggy* swung around stern foremost and stopped. We were anchored safe and sound, a hundred yards above the dam.

Banbury had been trying to pray and had gotten as far as "Now I lay me," nine or ten times, when he realized that the obsequies had been temporarily postponed. For a minute the light on his face was seraphic. He looked out upon the beautiful greeen world only a few hundred very wet feet away as if he had a proprietary interest in it once more. He was so happy at being jerked out of the jaws of death, with tooth marks all over him, that he clean forgot us. But presently he began to remember. The fact that he was still hung by a hair over an exceedingly informal place in the river, and that he had no prospects of getting away until somebody turned the water off, began to worm its way into his bliss and curdle it. And presently he began to converse with us.



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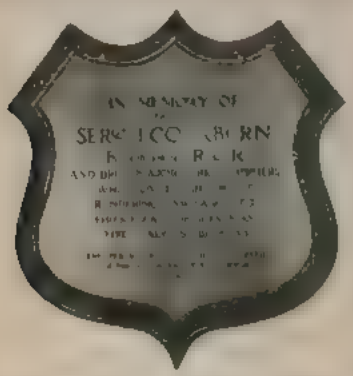

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And so on, indefinitely. He sat there and skinned us alive and we sat there and took it without gas. There was nothing else to do. Sometimes he'd rest by standing up and yelling for help; then he'd sit down, look us over calmly and coldly—he was as big as both of us—and begin again.

"What you descendants of a thousand years of cabbages need is judgment. If you are going to run a motor boat, you want to go at it right. You want to hire a nurse girl. Any little girl who has been through the first reader will do. Take her along to do your thinking for you. And you need a better boat, too. Why don't you get a piano box and use an electric fan for a propeller? If you don't want to make such a big improvement all at once, you could do it by degrees. You might start in with a tub. And you ought to begin studying a coffee mill when you get home. A couple of chaps of your calibre ought to learn how to run a coffee mill pretty well in about five years. The trouble with all fools is they want to do too much at once. Now if you would get an egg beater and practice starting and stopping it——"

It was very soothing, this conversation of Banbury's. After about an hour, it stopped blowing and began to rain—nasty, cold rain. We were as well protected as a church steeple. Banbury seemed to get still more peevish after it had rained a while. He would empty his shoes and his hat and wring out his coat, and by that time he would have thought up something more to say. He was a wonder at thinking up things. We sat there and took it. On other occasions we might have talked back, but what could we say? We threw all our repartee overboard with that engine.

It rained and rained, and dinner time passed, with nothing on board more nourishing than gasoline. Two o'clock went by, and after a stretch of time long enough to season a pyramid, three o'clock arrived; when it had arrived it went away as fast as an Arkansas freight train—and then we heard a motor boat whistle upstream.

When Banbury heard that whistle he jumped up and began yelling like

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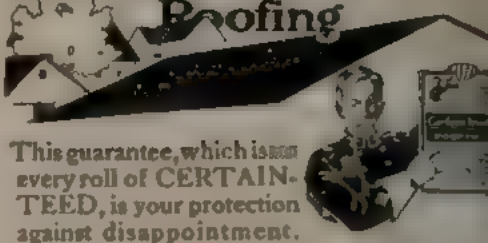

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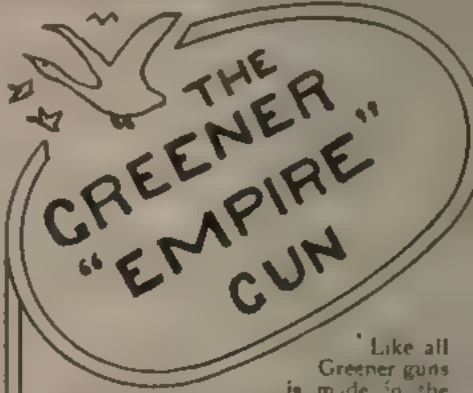

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mad. He danced and swung his hat and shrieked until I felt distressed over the waste of sound. The whistle came from a little clamming boat on its way down river, but it looked like a trans-Atlantic liner when it chugged up and tied on to us.

We were going to explain what had happened and humbly petition to be taken ashore when Banbury headed us off. The chance of rescue had driven him clean daft. All his fright had come back and he was possessed of just one idea. He wanted to get on solid land—to feel it with his feet, put both arms around it, and to camp there forever more.

"All I want," he shouted, hauling out his pocketbook, "is to be taken over to that shore there. Understand? There's five dollars in it for you. You take me over there, and so help me, if I ever set foot in a devil-built death trap again, I hope I go down head foremost."

"What's the hurry, old man," remarked Jones smoothly, "we'll get fixed up pretty soon and take you back."

"Take me back!" roared Banbury; "take me back! I'm going to walk back. I've been out with fools long enough. No more boats for me; I'm done with 'em forever. Just let me get on that shore over there and I'll show you how to get back. I'll walk—I've had my lesson."

"But it's ten miles and no roads, old man; you better come back with us," said Jones blandly. "We'll get home in time for supper. This is just a common occurrence."

"I'd rather crawl all the way," shouted Banbury. "Don't talk to me, you fools. You'll never get that boat back, anyway. Just set me on shore, my friend."

"Oh, very well," said Jones. "Come back for us, old man," he shouted to the clammer as the latter cast off; "we've got some work for you, there's another five in it."

We watched the little boat chug upstream to the bank, Banbury holding on with both hands. Then Jones grabbed the oil cans and got out the waste.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"We're going to go home in the *Peggy* and we're going to beat Banbury," he said grimly.

We watched Banbury scramble up the bank and disappear in the wet underbrush. The clammer stuck her nose into the stream again and chugged back.

"Some scared, he was," her skipper said as he tied on.

"And we're some busy," said Jones "Just anchor, will you?"

The clammer dropped a fifty-pound

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Afternoon Tea

Promenading

stone overboard, and we tied on. Then we hoisted our motor from the damp and lugubrious deep. Ever hoist a 150-pound motor in a tippy boat? It's no snap. I had a lame back for a week. But we managed it, the three of us, and hauled it in.

I have seen feverish activity on several occasions. I have seen men try to carry pianos and coal buckets out of burning houses, and I myself have argued with as many as four hundred bumblebees at one time when a boy. But those were moments of leisure compared with the next half hour. We dried that motor with everything in the boat. Luckily it had stopped raining. We poured gasoline on it and burned the gasoline—nice, safe job in a greasy boat. We oiled it and greased it all over. Then we bolted it down, connected everything up and cranked it. She started on the ninety-sixth yank.

We paid the clammer and sent him onto the locks, rejoicing. The *Peggy* wabbled upstream and we ran her, watch in hand, praying and hoping. She sneezed and she back fired, and she skipped about three shots out of five. But she kept going, while we patted her engine and dosed her with oil whenever she faltered. Just as the clocks were striking seven we ran her into the dock, yelled to the boy to take care of her, and sprinted for the street cars.

In fifteen minutes we were at my home. In twenty more we were out of a hot bath and in dry clothes. In fifteen minutes more, full of hot coffee and whatever we could find, Jones and I were seated on my front porch, he in my clothes two sizes too long for him, reading the Sunday papers and smoking—and waiting for Banbury.

When we had waited about ten minutes, a street car stopped and a horrible object got off. It was soggy and crumpled. It had cockleburs on its legs and Spanish needles in its hair. It had lost its hat. It was plastered with mud where it had fallen down. It didn't have any coat. It wabbled when it walked. It was Banbury.

"Hello, old man," said Jones, as it went past, "why didn't you come on with us? You must have had an awful walk."

The object turned around and raised its fist. "If you ever speak to me again, either of you, I'll kill you!" it shrieked.

No, I don't ride in Banbury's auto any more. Neither does Jones. We are glad, because we are afraid of motor cars.

"Have any luck on your fishing trip?"

"Yep. Not a single native insisted that I should have been there a week before."

Alberta's New Liquor Law

Continued from page 164.]

Occupants of private houses, apparently, may treat friends out of the small private stock allowed them, unless the friend or friends be under 21 years of age, when a physician's prescription is necessary. A man, not a doctor, dentist or veterinary surgeon, may not keep a flask in his office, apparently, nor may he regale a friend with liquor anywhere outside of his private dwelling place.

Heavy penalties are imposed for any vendors, druggists, physicians or veterinaries who dispose of liquor for other purposes than is permitted by the act. A private person who keeps in his home more than a quart of spirits or a gallon of malt liquor is, apparently, liable, on summary conviction, for a first offence, to a fine of from $50 to $100 or, in default of immediate payment, to from one to two months' imprisonment. A second conviction, even though it be for some other offence under the act, will be punished even more severely.

Anyone, apparently, may lay an information against anyone else and the police have "full authority to enforce any of the provisions of this act." Seemingly, this means that a prosecution may be initiated very easily.

Once a man is convicted, there is no appeal, unless he files first an affidavit within five days absolutely negativing the charge and making it appear to render impossible any purely technical or legal ground of appeal. The prosecution, however, may appeal the case within 15 days after the date of dismissal, in cases where the magistrate has discharged the accused.

The usual order of legal procedure in prosecutions is reversed in the liquor act, which provides that "the burden of proving the right to have or keep liquor or sell or give liquor shall be on the person accused of improperly or unlawfully having or keeping or selling or giving such liquor." In another section, it is provided that, if prima facie proof is given, when a person is accused of an offence under the act, that such a person had such liquor in his possession or control, it is incumbent upon him to prove that he did not commit the offence.

The act also provides that the charge appearing in the information, summons or warrant, need not specify the kind, quantity or price of liquor alleged to be involved in the case, nor the names of the persons, other than the accused, connected with the transaction. This provision is strengthened by another clause which provides that, in cases where the evidence does not support the charge laid, the magistrate may amend the information to fit the evidence.

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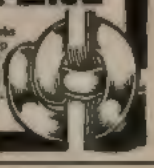

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